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The American Mercury

NAVIES ARE FINISHED

Major Alexander P. de Seversky

WOMEN WHO DRINK TOO MUCH

Alson J. Smith

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WEST POINT MIND

A. E. Morgan

ADVANCE IN PENICILLIN THERAPY

Leona A. Wassersug

EVERYMAN IN THE
WHITE HOUSE

by Kenneth Crawford
Page 145

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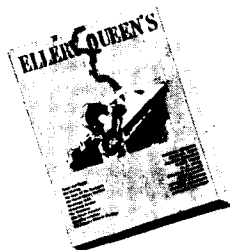
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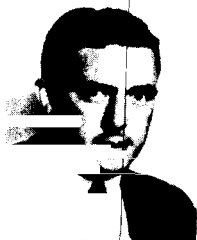
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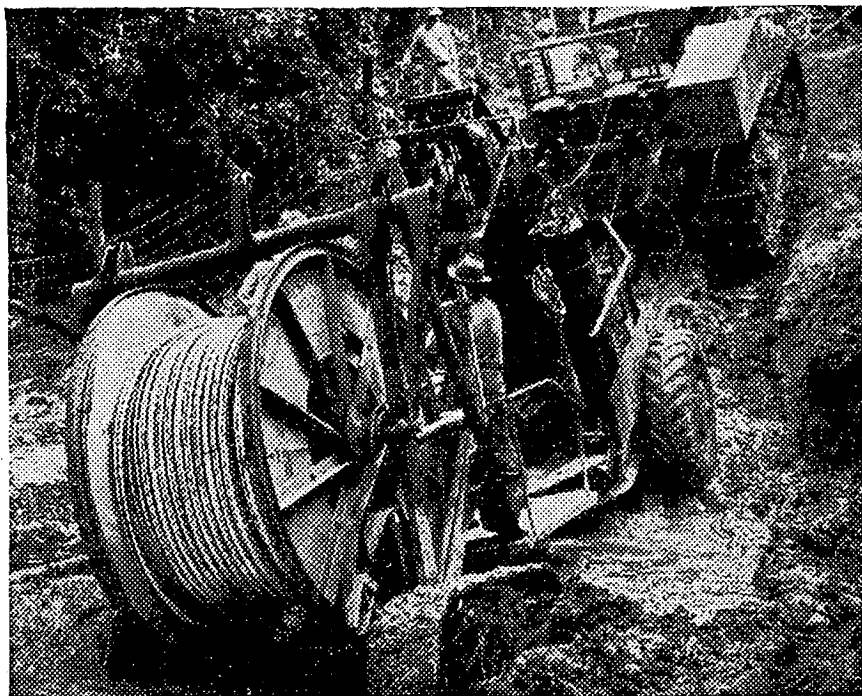
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Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 75 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union: \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1946 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all other countries.

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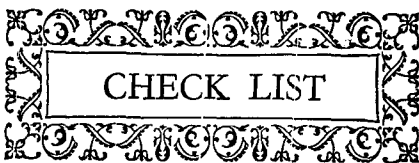
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PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE BALANCE OF TOMORROW, by Robert Strausz-Hupé. \$3.50. Putnam's. In spite of San Francisco, the postwar world is rapidly shaping into great power blocs, with the United States and Russia as the two chief nuclei and Western Europe wavering between them. The author hopes that Western Europe will be a bloc in itself, friendly to the Anglo-Saxon nations and not a sullen satellite. He warns us that we may need friends badly when we confront a Soviet Union which by 1970 will have more men of fighting age than Great Britain and the United States combined. He has undertaken in this book to summarize all the forces and factors that will maintain national power blocs in the future, including population, raw materials, strategic location and technical organization. Although some of his analysis and prophecy has been rendered obsolete by the atomic bomb, the factual part of his review is exceedingly useful. In the struggle between capitalist and socialist organization, he sides with private enterprise and free trade but concedes that Britain may soon reach a feasible middle ground. He is apprehensive about the rise of primitive nationalism among the darker peoples but hopes that they will accept a status as subordinates within existing empires. This part of his analysis is distressingly weak. "The British Empire," he says. "is the most perfect form of international cooperation yet devised." If that is all we have to offer the darker races, they will probably turn to the Slavic bloc for salvation.

GERMAN EDUCATION AND RE-EDUCATION, by Susanne Charlotte Engelmann. \$2.00. International Universities Press. This brief straightforward history of the German educational system during the last seventy-five years demonstrates how closely the schools corresponded to the society which supported them. It reviews competently the class stratification of education



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in the Empire, the ambitious reforms of the Republic, and their perversion by Adolph Hitler. The book concludes with a feeble discussion of the future outlook, to which it contributes nothing that is new and little that is encouraging, except the pious hope that the churches will somehow take a hand in putting the shattered German mind together again.

TALKS ABOUT RUSSIA WITH MASHA SCOTT, by Pearl Buck. \$1.75. *John Day*. Masha Scott, young Russian wife of foreign correspondent John Scott, sits and talks to Pearl Buck about her life in Russia. The conversations cover collective farms, factories and village activities, and the difficult literary form is handled with great deftness. Masha is described as "not a Communist," but, by her own remarks she is at least a staunch admirer of Stalin and all his works. If this fact is understood, her engaging narrative is worth reading.

TOMORROW'S TRADE, by Stuart Chase. \$1.00. *Twentieth Century Fund*. Mr. Chase has put together a series of persuasive and readable essays on many important subjects for the fifth in his series of reports for the Twentieth Century Fund. If they suffer from lack of unity, they gain in interest through their wide range of comments. Here is one man's view of trade, tariffs, relief, world organization, technology and the gold standard. The total effect of the discussion of foreign trade is that its importance in our thinking has been exaggerated by tradition and pugnacious patriotism; and Mr. Chase finally confesses his own doubt by asking: "Suppose just getting things on a boat is not such a triumph for humanity after all?" He points out that only 6 to 7 per cent of our stream of production flows abroad. A nation strains to achieve a "favorable balance of trade" which turns out often to be nothing but "an unfavorable leak in its stock of physical goods." The United States, Mr. Chase concludes, must realize that sound trade is based upon an exchange of stuff for stuff, that Europe cannot pay for needed relief with pieces of paper, and that it would be better to give hungry Europeans gifts than to build financial dreams upon debts which are sure to be defaulted.

(Continued on page 248)

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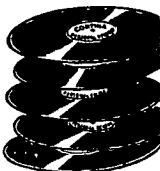
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NAVIES ARE FINISHED

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

With recognition of the deepening twilight of Sea Power no longer avoidable, it seems to me suicidal to make navies and an outmoded naval strategy the foundation of American national defense. Those who insist upon leading America in that direction are heading us for military disaster. They assume a fearsome responsibility before the judgment of history."

These were the concluding words in an article which I wrote for THE AMERICAN MERCURY under the title *The Twilight of Sea Power*. It was published in the June, 1941 issue, six months before Pearl Harbor. They stand as proof that those of us who were aware of the new military situa-

tion created by the advent of modern aviation foresaw the disasters which overwhelmed us in the Pacific beginning with the staggering blow on December 7.

I repeat those words in no boastful spirit — the events of the intervening years have been too grim for I-told-you-so nonsense — but merely to underline the fact that an understanding of air power provided the key to an understanding of the strategic picture. The catastrophes which airmen visualized by reason of the outmoded naval strategy did take place; the responsibility of the Navy, in an area considered a naval theatre of operations, cannot be evaded.

ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY has just returned from a two-month tour of the Pacific Theatre of Operations, in the capacity of a special consultant to Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, with the assimilated rank of general. He traveled extensively through the entire area, including the main Japanese home islands, making a study of the effects of air power in that region. He designed the world's first fully automatic bombsight, and is the author of *Victory Through Air Power*, which Walt Disney later turned into a movie with the same title.

Nearly everyone can see today, in the perspective of almost four years of struggle, that reliance on naval force and naval ideas left us tragically exposed and handicapped. The great British and American naval bastions of the Pacific fell, one after another, under the assault of enemy aviation. From the outset, the Navy's traditional job of assuming command of the seas was taken over by air power. After the sinking of the British dreadnaughts *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* by Japanese planes, battleships did not again venture from under the umbrella of air power. Our surface fleets could move freely only within the orbit of our air control — except where the enemy's aviation backwardness exempted stretches of ocean from the new power equation.

It was when long-range air power was thrown into the fray that the tide of war turned in our favor. And the climactic assault on the Japanese home islands, of course, became exclusively the task of strategic air power. Elaborate invasion plans, costing billions and involving possible casualties of a million Americans and several million Japanese, had been made in deference to traditional ideas. But air power made them superfluous. As General Jimmy Doolittle put it:

"The Navy had the transport to make the invasion possible; the ground forces had the power to make it successful, and the B-29 made it unnecessary."

All of this we airmen had foreseen and foretold. The fact should be

driven home to the American people if only to head off further interference with national defense plans by petrified naval concepts.

The astonishing truth is that our naval leaders even at this late date have not caught up with the military reality. They still think of Sea Power as our "first line of defense." Admiral Ernest J. King, whose diehard naval orthodoxy contributed so much toward needless loss in the Pacific, finds it possible to declaim: "Any step that is not good for the Navy is not good for the nation." The fact that long-range trans-oceanic air power has in effect abolished oceans, transferring human conflict to the three-dimensional air ocean, evidently has not yet registered on his mind.

Admiral J. O. Richardson, retired, still finds it possible to oppose revision of our military set-up on the plea that "The present organization of the War and Navy Departments is the result of over 150 years of experience." It does not occur to him that six years of a global war in which air power proved, in every instance, to be the decisive factor might cancel out 150 years of tradition; that one modern development, such as atomic energy, might nullify the experience of all preceding centuries.

True, naval leaders no longer insist that the battleship is the backbone of their Navy. Rear Admiral Harold B. Miller, chief of Navy Public Relations, has stated that the aircraft carrier has supplanted the battleship as the major fleet unit. But they continue to con-

tend that the Navy, regrouped around the carrier, is the main element in a nation's defenses.

In the aforementioned article I wrote:

As a primary, self-sufficient branch of national defense, fleets will be finished. References to naval might as our "outer defense" or "first line of defense" will seem echoes of a far-off past. The complacency with which we once relied on such slogans will seem as tragic and incredible to Americans as reliance on Maginot Lines must now seem to Frenchmen.

America fought and won a war since these words were set down. I submit that experience has fully confirmed the prophecy. What was then the twilight of Sea Power has deepened into night. Surface vessels still have a logistic function, as transport service for overwater supply under the shield of air power. But so far as combat functions are concerned, navies are forever finished. They cannot even venture into the open unless and until control of the seas has been won by air power, and there simply is no fighting that navies can do which aviation cannot do more effectively and more quickly without their help.

The carrier will not restore navies to combat usefulness. When Generals Giles, LeMay, O'Donnell — and particularly Colonel Bill Irvine who flew his B-29 more than 8,000 miles non-stop — spanned the Pacific in heavy bombers, they spelled out the doom of the aircraft carrier. Navy Public Relations may continue a little longer to deny the obvious. But any school

child today comprehends that the carrier is a *floating base*, a makeshift substitute for range, ineffective and exorbitantly costly in life.

Now that trans-oceanic range for operation from main land masses is available, the substitute becomes a historical curiosity. It cannot possibly compete with the fixed land base. General Doolittle has declared in Senate hearings, rightly, that the battleship has been "obsolescent for twenty years and obsolete for ten," adding that the aircraft carrier is now "going into obsolescence." I am obliged to dispute this. The carrier is not *going* but *gone*. It is already obsolete.

Every dollar put into carriers from this point forward is a dollar thrown away. If it is diverted from genuine land-based air power and thereby retards its development, the investment is not merely negatively wasteful but positively harmful. The fact alone that the Navy has turned, in its thinking, to the obsolete carrier as the new center of the surface fleet is a measure of the desperate lengths to which men will go to avoid breaking with the past. The carrier is adrenalin for the dying heart of old-fashioned Sea Power. It may prolong the agony but cannot prevent the destined end.

In arguing against a single Department of National Defense, Navy spokesmen voiced their fear that the Navy would be relegated to a third-rate force under the new dispensation. Thus they betrayed their strange ignorance of the fact that it has already

been reduced to a fourth-rate force by modern technical developments. No administrative change can affect that decision of history and the sooner it is recognized the sooner we shall emerge from the clouds of confusion around national defense problems. After all, a monument to the past functions and glories of Sea Power can take a less expensive and cumbersome form than a useless seven-ocean Navy.

II

In the course of testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Admirals Nimitz and Mitscher, and other Navy representatives as well, claimed that it was the Navy which compelled Japan to sue for peace; that the air war was won by carrier planes; in short, that the victory in the Pacific was scored by Sea Power. Such assertions naturally would upset the temper of any airman close to the facts, especially one who is conscious, as is General Doolittle, of the need for public honesty and clarity on this issue.

Small wonder, therefore, that in refuting the Navy claims he did not spare the feelings of Navy elders. "Our B-29 boys are resting uneasily in their graves as a result of those statements," he exclaimed after referring to the Nimitz-Mitscher testimony. Secretary of Navy Forrestal promptly took exception to this expression as a personal slur on the Naval leaders. War Secretary Patter-

son, with characteristic courage, stood by Doolittle, declaring that it was proper for officers to give their views with "force and vigor."

What concerns the American people, however, is not the etiquette of the exchange but the facts in controversy. Did the Navy really win the war in the Pacific? What was the character of its contribution to the victory? Answers to these questions are not matters of historical curiosity. They are essential to the solution of defense problems in the immediate future.

The Pacific war began with a gigantic and humiliating naval disaster. It was not merely due, as most Americans gallantly assume, to temporary negligence. It was due to a basic underestimation of the threat of air power. Our Admirals considered a great fortified harbor a safe retreat, as of yore; they felt strong in their massed might in Pearl Harbor, ready to confront the enemy's naval might. Along came Japanese airplanes and smashed these illusions. The massed might simply offered a more convenient target for air power.

The refusal to understand and prepare for the new situation was the more reprehensible because the air power facts had been on view in actual combat in Europe for two years. The Battle of Britain, the occupation of Norway, the events in the Mediterranean had given ample notice that traditional Sea Power could now be bypassed through the skies.

Pearl Harbor — and the tragic

array of defeats that followed — were no accidents. They were the direct consequence of the Navy's long and stubborn fight against the development of true strategic air power. Obsessed with the eternal primacy of Sea Power, Navy leaders for a generation had opposed bitterly and successfully the strategic encroachment of the airplane on their private preserves; the high seas. It was not so long before the war that they had succeeded in limiting flights of Army planes to 300 miles offshore!

It was primarily the Navy which frustrated the development of range in our military aircraft. It was the political might of the Navy which fenced off the Pacific as a theatre of purely naval strategy, leaving us pitifully unprepared when it turned out to be almost exclusively a theatre of air conflict. The fact that we began the struggle without the kind of long-range aviation called for by Pacific distances — the consequent necessity for island-to-island hopping — must be charged against the backward thinking of our naval leaders.

The Navy was then politically potent enough to inflict its air power astigmatism on our whole military setup. The killing of incentive for the development of long range proved even more effective than any regulatory restrictions would have been. We were saved from utter backwardness like Japan's only by the devotion of a handful of airmen who, at the risk of personal reprisals, virtually smuggled long-range land-based aviation

into being; and by the vigor of our aviation industry and commercial aeronautics.

We are reminded by Navy spokesmen that our surface fleets won the bases from which air power was finally able to strike at the Japanese homeland. Without doubt they did a heroic job in this respect. But there would have been no need to win those bases at such heavy cost in life and substance if the Navy in the pre-war years had not taken the lead in artificially restricting the strategic range of air power. Aircraft carriers served ably and valuably under terrific handicaps in the years-long task of capturing island bases clear across the Pacific. But there would have been no need for their sacrifices if the range potential had not been arbitrarily strait-jacketed.

The Navy's sole contribution was to help conquer bases from which air power could operate to win the war. No one can or should minimize the difficulties of this naval task and the brilliance with which it was executed. It was an accessory service to air power expiating, at a tragic cost, the sin of having previously deprived America of strategic aviation commensurate with the task of defeating Japan. Battleships in this war were never used in their primary function, which is to destroy opposing navies and take command of the seas. Admiral Mahan must have turned in his grave to see the \$100,000,000 mastodons of the sea used as assault boats against Pacific atolls.

Without detracting from the high courage with which this accessory function was carried out, it must be recognized that the Navy, by preventing development of true air power, had itself created the problem it was now solving. Its insistence that it won the war by providing the bases for air power to win the war reminds me of the celebrated story of the man who killed his father and mother, then pleaded for mercy as an orphan.

With the proper aircraft at our disposal we could have stormed Japan through the air from India, New Guinea, Australia, Alaska and other bases already in our possession. The Navy could have been spared the trouble of conquering an oceanful of islands, with consequent saving of thousands of lives and years of fighting. To attain the necessary range, no new discoveries or radical inventions were necessary, but only the unrestricted application of existing aviation knowledge. Group engineering, if given the means and the incentive, would have made the aerodynamic power-plant and engineering refinements to produce planes that could dispense with intermediary bases.

The barrier was not technological but political. America obtained the atom bomb years sooner because a deliberate and audacious decision was made to mobilize the brains and appropriate the billions for the purpose. Had the urgency of the need been understood and a similar decision made in due time with reference to strategic air power, we would have

possessed long-range aircraft in time to bypass Sea Power altogether.

It was such a decision that we airmen pleaded for. Had our airmen been free to express their strategic ideas, and to embody them in the proper equipment, the ranges available today in the B-29 and the B-36 would have been actualities years ago.

The limited and secondary role played by Sea Power in the Pacific was a stop-gap pending the emergence of long-range aviation. Now that such aviation is a reality, even that limited function as an accessory to air power is canceled out. Nothing more remains for surface fleets to do. They will linger on, as logistic auxiliaries, just as horse-drawn delivery wagons linger on in the automotive age; but militarily speaking they are through.

Another fact must be acknowledged in the interests of truth. Our Navy was able to carry out its secondary task of acquiring air bases solely because we were fighting a third-rate or fourth-rate nation. Had Japan possessed even half-way modern air power, the American Navy could not have operated anywhere within range of enemy land-based aircraft. It is not yet generally known here how incredibly backward and inefficient Japanese equipment was.

For example, the largest bomb dropped by the Japanese Navy was only about 1,800 pounds — and besides that, a crude adaptation of the ordinary naval shell; the largest bomb of the Japanese Army only about 1,000 pounds. Despite this, our surface fleets

suffered heavy damage in taking island bases. What would have happened if the enemy had used explosives such as we and all other belligerents were using? We came shockingly close to losing the battle of Okinawa; for a long time the result hung in the balance and our naval losses were terrific. Had the Japanese been hurling real block-busters instead of limited and inferior bombs, the story assuredly would have been different. Even at that the Japanese might have won out if not for the brilliant decision of General LeMay to throw B-29s into a tactical assault on Kyushu airdromes, grounding the enemy air power, Kamikaze and all.

I dare to assert categorically that if Japan had possessed effective air power, our Navy would have been unable to conquer the intermediary bases. We would have had little alternative but to remain on the perimeter of original retreat and take punishment until long-range aircraft for direct operations over great distances were built. It is not a pleasant duty to detract in any wise from the glory of the victory. But the interests of national defense are better served, I feel, by recognizing the fact that the enemy's weakness, not only our strength, entered into the final total.

Fleet Admiral Halsey alluded to this circumstance in a press interview on October 15, but without drawing the obvious conclusions.

"When we entered Sagami Bay on August 27," he was quoted as saying, with a chuckle, "we were met by

almost the entire Jap Navy — a miserable, dirty, depressing, old-fashioned destroyer. I was ashamed of ourselves then that it took us four years to finish a war with those people."

It took us four years, of course, because we were obliged to carry our air power from island to island when, technologically, we should have been able to skip those islands and knock out Japan by direct assault. Admiral Halsey's chuckling bewilderment is matched by Rear Admiral Forrest P. Sherman's confusion at the war's end.

"The situation in which one of the major military powers of the world is brought to defeat without defeat of its armies," he said, "is unparalleled in history and creates problems which have to be solved without the guidance of past experience."

Yet American airmen beginning with General Billy Mitchell right after World War I had foretold that very thing — the surrender of nations to air power while their surface forces were still intact. Why do we have to solve the mystery "without the guidance of past experience" when we have just had such an experience in Japan? Admiral Sherman apparently refuses to believe his own eyes.

III

Once our air power was in position to attack the Japanese home islands, it needed neither armies nor navies to finish the job. That it required more than three years to attain that position is no fault of air power, but must

be debited to arrested strategic thinking at the top. The popular misconception, fed by Navy publicity, is that the final air victory was won by Army-Navy "teamwork," in a kind of fifty-fifty combination of land-based and carrier-based striking power. The truth is quite different. Army aviation dropped 156,699 tons of bombs on Japan as against 6,781 tons dropped by carrier planes: 96 per cent of the total as against 4 per cent. Moreover, the naval forces could move forward to contribute their 4 per cent only after General George Kenney's air forces had crippled Japanese air power by knocking out many thousands of Japanese planes. Nor should it be forgotten that the destruction of the Japanese Navy in its home waters by our carrier aviation was made possible by General Spaatz's B-29 operations. The entire surface fleet and shipping of the enemy were bottled up by the mine laying of the Twentieth Air Force; 12,000 mines were planted in Japan's back yards—an operation without precedent in military history. Since the birth of the mine, its use had been considered an important naval function, but this, too, has been usurped by air power.

Nothing I have said should be construed as criticism of the fighting Naval personnel. The American fighting man is without match no matter what tasks he is assigned, or in what uniform he fights. If anything, the Naval personnel merits more credit precisely because it was called on to

fight with outmoded or transitional weapons. The men on the carriers, to cite one example, needed even greater resources of valor and adaptability because they operated from an extremely complex, awkward and vulnerable base.

The handicaps under which carrier airmen worked is attested by the magnitude of their airplane losses *operationally*; it is no secret that many times more Navy planes were lost operationally than through enemy action in aerial combat. A great many young officers from aircraft carriers with whom I've talked were fully cognizant of the handicaps under which they worked. "Keep plugging for long-range aviation," they pleaded. They knew they were fighting with a makeshift weapon and, more intimately than anyone else, were conscious of the need for real air power. And that consciousness adds another dimension of heroism to their achievements.

Suppose that some general, faced with the task of crossing rivers, decided to dispense with bridge equipment. Instead he elected to throw cables across the rivers and train his troops in tight-rope walking. The operational difficulties and losses would then be enormous. But anyone criticizing the general's methods could hardly be accused of attacking the troops, whose personal courage and skill would be extraordinary. I am somewhat in the same position in attacking Sea Power as an outlived force. Far from doubting the valor

and great skill of the naval personnel, I am filled with admiration for them.

The illusion of the Admirals that Sea Power is still a primary force, the first line of defense, seems to me even more fantastic in the light of the atom bomb. Their confusion is truly monumental. The Navy is ready to adapt the atomic bomb to the carrier-based airplane, Secretary Forrestal declared. But obviously everything that applies to the carrier in relation to ordinary bombs still holds true in the delivery of atom bombs. Why we should "adapt" atomic power for use from outlived floating bases when we have the aviation range for direct delivery from land bases defies ordinary logic.

According to Admiral Nimitz, the atom bomb will have to be taken close to the target area in the interests of accuracy and "to do that it would undoubtedly be necessary to use ships — either men-of-war or merchantmen." Carrying bombs at 30 knots an hour in an epoch of supersonic aerial speeds! Only the desperate anxiety to find a place for Sea Power in a new age can explain such violence to common sense.

Experiments are in preparation to test the effect of atom bombs on battleships. Can it alter the strategic status of the battleship? Assuming that it proves wholly impervious to atom attack, would the battleship thereby regain its ability to take command of seas if the air overhead is in hostile hands? We know that surface vessels cannot survive under skies

dominated by land-based enemy air power. An ability to resist atom blows would not alter those conditions in the slightest. The battleship is obsolete not by reason of vulnerability to atom bombs but because it has lost its former strategic functions. If we should demonstrate that the blunderbuss and a jungle spear can survive attack by atom bomb, it would hardly restore them as primary military weapons.

The war has proven for all time: (1) That surface vessels are helpless under skies held effectively by the enemy, and that the function of assuming command of the seas has therefore been taken over by air power. (2) That the striking power of carrier-based aviation is infinitesimal compared with land-based aircraft; the retention of carriers now that land planes can be used to attack trans-oceanic targets therefore makes no sense. (3) That the blockade of a nation can be maintained by air power with greater efficiency than by naval force which, in any case, cannot establish blockade except under conditions of air supremacy. Added up, these facts mean that Sea Power is finished. It may remain in vestigial form as a transport auxiliary of air power, but even that will be temporary.

"The moment when Air Power can reach across oceans as easily as it now bridges narrower waters will mark the final elimination of Sea Power as a primary element in warfare," I wrote in THE AMERICAN MERCURY of June 1941. That moment is now.

AN AMERICAN BALLAD

By MATTHEW BILLER

I LOVE my land from out whose fields
The oak-ribbed Alleghenies rise,
Where undulating furrows yield
Their whispering corn, and barefoot cries
Of children ring against the skies.

Where summer on the Kansas plain
Crawls broad and fenceless up to meet
The Rocky slope, restless with grain,
Where still the thunder's roar and beat
Echoes the drum of buffalo feet.

I love my land with a mountain man's passion
For deep voiced hounds and fox in flight;
With the wilderness love that hews and fashions
Orchards and homes on the granite height —
That builds the beacons in American night;

With the love for incredible cities that grow
Toward the sky, furious with sound,
Teeming with strength they only know
Who dream with hope — cities that found
Prophecy and promise in American ground.

I know that evil in New York City
Is as wrong as evil in Paris or Rome,
That greed has neither love nor pity
Because America is its home,
That deceit hides his rust with a coat of chrome;

But the wisdom born of pioneer mothers,
By the shores of the Merrimack and Matuponi,
That the children of earth can be friends and brothers
Sings through this land like a pineleaf sigh:
It breaks like morning across the sky.

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EVERYMAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Now that Harry S. Truman has made it, no American school teacher need ever again cross her fingers when she pats the most unpromising of her charges on the head and assures him that some day, if he's good, he may be President of the United States. If the skinny, bespectacled Missouri farm boy with the compromising music roll under his arm could get there, any kid in the land has a chance. The great American myth is at last vindicated.

More than any President since Presidents were born in log cabins, Truman conforms to the pattern of the average, middle class American. Each of the others was in some way extraordinary. Wilson was an intellectual; Harding was handsome; Coolidge was a New England character; Hoover was a cosmopolite; Roosevelt was a political virtuoso, the beloved chief and the detested Mr. Big.

There is nothing extraordinary about Harry Truman. He has the familiar virtues of the guy next door. He is decent, honest and kind; he has common sense, self-discipline and a

robust feeling for fun. He is highly sensitive to the attitudes and moods of his mother, wife and daughter — to his women folks. He eats heartily and drinks enthusiastically, but not too much. All his personality and character buttons are plainly marked "Made in America."

And so, inevitably, are his faults. Like most reasonable Americans, conscious of their intellectual limitations, he is a two-handed thinker — on the one hand this, on the other hand that. How can one be certain when the alternatives presented by a given situation seem equally desirable or undesirable? When expert councils are divided, whom is one to follow?

The temptation in such circumstances is always to take the easier, the less troublesome course — to avoid a row if possible, or if not, to delay final decision in the hope that an acceptable compromise will turn up.

Truman is essentially indecisive — despite his habit of giving snap answers to important questions at press conferences — because he lacks pas-

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sionate conviction about the basic issues of the day. He sees two sides to most arguments. He is, as result, an easy man for the pressure groups to influence. He has adopted Roosevelt's policies as his own both at home and abroad. But he pursues them with a kind of uncertainty that often robs them of effectiveness.

Around the White House one often hears that something has been done or left undone because of "irresistible pressure" from this or that group — usually in Congress. Thus when Admiral Chester W. Nimitz was appointed Chief of Naval Operations, the President's intimates admitted that he was not Truman's own choice. The President would have preferred a younger, less tradition-bound officer. As a compromise between what he wanted and what the Navy hierarchy insisted upon, Truman had indicated that he would name Admiral Richard S. Edwards. Up to the day before the Nimitz appointment was announced, in fact, Secretary of Navy James Forrestal and others were led to believe that Edwards would get the job.

But the Texas delegation in Congress is powerful and Nimitz is from Texas. As the GIs used to say in France, Texas was a good, dependable wartime ally, like England. But now the war is over and Texans are loyal to their own again. Senator Tom Connally, Speaker Sam Rayburn and other influential Texans got tough about it. So the President, rather than make trouble, appointed Nimitz. After all, Nimitz had been a

good Pacific commander and probably had the promotion coming to him.

Who is to be Chief of Naval Operations for the next few years may not be a matter of world-shaking importance in any case. Nimitz may turn out to be about as progressive as any solid-striper eligible for the appointment. But the incident illustrates Truman's way with an administrative problem.

II

A far more important, though somewhat less conclusive case in point has been Truman's handling of the demobilization problem. Here public opinion was unmistakable. The average citizen didn't care very much who was to run the peacetime Navy but he cared a great deal about getting his boys home from Europe and the Pacific. He was willing to understand transport difficulties and even the necessity of leaving armies of occupation in Germany and Japan. He was not willing to put up with any dawdling inefficiency, much less any policy that suggested deliberate delay of demobilization. Often he took the precaution of writing his Congressman about getting his own boys home in a hurry.

Congressmen started telling the White House about their demobilization mail immediately after V-E Day. They talked louder after V-J Day. Very early in the game this was recognized by Truman as a case of irresistible pressure. He applied the

heat to the Army and Navy, to the War Shipping Board and the Office of Defense Transportation. Get the boys home, and quickly, and don't spare the consequences, he said. He got results. The demobilization program was stepped up by the services beyond their original plans, and thousands of men have been brought home ahead of goals set at the beginning.

The results of this pell-mell disbanding of the armed forces are now obvious. The difficulty of absorbing so many servicemen into civilian society and economy overnight can be ignored; it was a difficulty which could be and was overcome. What was important was the effect of the policy on America's post-war relations with the rest of the world. The President, upon taking office, made a number of admirable foreign policy declarations. In these statements he restored to good standing on paper the principles of the Atlantic Charter, which had been all but forgotten in the latter days of the war when Roosevelt was compromising principles at the Big Three conferences in the interests of a quick victory.

Truman renewed American promises to the peoples of the world that the United States would use its prestige to defend the essential, fundamental freedoms. He sometimes implemented these promises by refusing to recognize police state governments. But while making promises and supporting them by diplomatic means he was frittering away American prestige in the rest of the world by reducing

the armed services to impotence in response to public and Congressional pressure to bring the boys home instantaneously.

So Russia went ahead with the looting of Eastern Europe and with the organization of puppet dictatorships along her frontiers. She had nothing to fear from an America that only talked about freedom while discarding the implements that could make the talk mean anything. And when, finally, the Russians wearied of the talk they shut it off at the London Conference of Foreign Ministers by taking a position so preposterous that even the long-suffering diplomats of the patient democracies got the idea that the Soviets didn't want to listen any more. Subsequently, at Moscow, the democrats gave the Russians substantially what they had wanted, however preposterous, to avoid further futile talk. Had a large American Army remained in Europe a little longer the Russians, who understand force, might have been better listeners.

Clearly the demobilization policy, into which the President was pushed by pressure, was a tragic error. It may have tossed away the best chance to restore freedom over large sections of the globe and to make a start toward effective world government in our time.

Perhaps the same error would have been made by any other man in Truman's position. Maybe the pressure was in fact irresistible. What he did certainly could be defended as an expression of the popular will, of

democracy in operation. Yet the President, particularly in times like these, has the duty of leading, not just following. Truman could have appealed to Congress and the people for patience with a slower, safer demobilization policy. Or he could have proclaimed such a policy as commander-in-chief and accepted the political consequences. A Lincoln, one suspects, would have found a way through this pressure area; a Roosevelt would have built up counter-pressure.

III

In matters of purely domestic policy it has been much the same story. The President's statements on social security, medical care, wage-price relationships, minimum wages, etc., have been as admirable as his talk of freedom for the rest of the world. But here again the implementation has faltered. Most government economists agree, for example, that the high tax structure should have been kept standing a while longer. Yet the President yielded to the demand to lop off wartime corporation profits taxes and to make a deep cut in individual income taxes. As a result, the burgeoning price inflation will be harder to control.

When an essentially vacillating man is caught between an irresistible force and an immovable object almost anything can happen. This was about Truman's predicament when it came time, shortly after the Japanese surrender, to do something about rela-

tions between management and labor. Corporations had prospered and labor had been well paid during the war, mostly with tax money. In exchange for pay checks fattened with overtime pay, labor had agreed not to strike for the duration and had, for the most part, kept its word. Now it demanded an overall increase of about 30 per cent in its wage rates to compensate for loss of overtime payments; industry said it was willing to raise normal pay a little but not that much. Both sides prepared to fight it out on the picket line and, indeed, started that fight in some of the largest industries. Meanwhile, industrial reconversion languished and the public waited for new cars and scores of other products to appear in the markets.

Truman was saved from making any decision for a while by the proposal of a group of labor and management leaders that they hold a meeting in Washington with the object of threshing things out between themselves, free of government dictation. The President gave his blessing to the conference and approved its agenda, which included all sorts of things having to do with labor-management relations but not wage-price relationships, the real problem. The conference, as might have been expected, came to nothing. Unless he was to abandon any pretense at national leadership, the President had to do something at this point to get industry rolling and to satisfy the consumer demand for replacement of wornout goods. And to accomplish this, he had

to find a way of forcing industry and labor to settle the wage question.

Forced to it, Truman acted decisively. The day after the management-labor conference broke up, he wrote a message to Congress proposing that some of the cooling-off features of the Railroad Labor Act be applied to other large industries to avert strikes and that management, in cases of stalemate, open their books to inspection by fact-finding boards representing the government. Much to his surprise, apparently, both labor and management yelled "foul." The National Association of Manufacturers wanted no fact-finding fishing expeditions in industry's books. Labor wanted no limitation on its right to strike. The public, inclined to like the President's plan, but less vocal than the immediately interested parties, applauded the President for a few minutes and then proceeded to take sides with one or the other of the belligerents. So did members of Congress, though it appeared likely that in the end they would adopt something like the President's scheme as a step toward social control of labor-management relations.

IV

More than in anything else, Truman's middle-of-the-road position shows up in his dealings with labor and management. He and his political advisers feel that they must take over Roosevelt's alliance with labor to win again in 1948. Truman courted labor sup-

port in his earliest messages to Congress. But even before the fact-finding, cooling-off proposal issued from the White House, labor was standoffish, regarding Truman as a pleasant acquaintance rather than a tried friend. Industrial management, on the other hand, read the messages to Congress and concluded that Truman was not its man. Both sides seem to feel, probably correctly, that Truman is the public's man, a referee between labor and management rather than a true partisan of either side. The trouble with such a position, for Truman, is that the public is a weakling in American politics.

The President courted trouble again by procrastinating with the housing situation. According to reliable and reasonable estimates, the nation will need to build 1,200,000 home units a year for the next ten years to make up the war-accumulated housing deficit. In doing this gigantic job the building industry might spark the whole national economy. But it can't do much sparking if the acute housing shortage becomes an excuse for hoisting real estate and building costs beyond the reach of the people who need homes worst. The obvious answer was to continue wartime control of home prices through the shortage crisis. Yet the Administration, under pressure from a tough, well-heeled landlord lobby, dropped controls on housing.

Finally, after several months had been wasted in argument, the pressure for new housing, particularly for servicemen, became so insistent

that something had to be done. The President then announced that priority controls on building materials would be reinstituted, with low cost housing for veterans given first call on lumber, bricks, plaster and the other ingredients. Moreover, he would ask Congress for authority to put price ceilings on homes. So everything was back where it started from, including the shortage of housing. And at this writing it seems doubtful whether Congress will accommodate with all the necessary laws.

V

Most of the President's New Dealish legislative program — bills to raise minimum pay standards, extend social security benefits, tighten enforcement of anti-discrimination laws and kindred measures — already was stuck in Congress, where the majority, made up of Democrats from the South and conservative Republicans from the North, had no stomach for any more New Dealing. It was, in fact, about the same kind of Congress Roosevelt had to contend with — if anything, a little more hard shelled. Roosevelt dealt with it by fighting it; he appealed to the electorate over its head. Truman first tried to make friends with it, to compromise and placate. Finally he made speeches attacking some of its more obstructive committees. But he landed only glancing blows and nobody paid much attention to them.

For the most part, Truman's approach to the Capitol has been one of

sweet reasonableness and it hasn't worked. The President has found reasonableness about as effective with Congressmen as with Russian diplomats. What moves Congressmen and Russians, apparently, is fear of a licking.

Truman just doesn't threaten well. That isn't his way of doing things. He is a reasonable, friendly man trying to be a leader in an unreasonable, unfriendly world. He has none of the Roosevelt ruthlessness either in his private or in his public personality. Moreover, he has surrounded himself with men of his own temperamental stripe.

John Snyder, St. Louis banker, personal friend of the President and wartime government finance official, talks Truman's language and shares his attitudes. As chief of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, he holds what remain of the wartime industrial control strings. He operates them gently and with due regard for the feelings and interests of all petitioners. He is Truman's most important official subordinate and most frequent official companion.

Charles Ross, highly respected former St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Washington correspondent, a school mate of the President, is a well informed but gentle manager of Truman's press relations. George E. Allen, Truman's closest unofficial adviser, is a hilarious story teller and a practical politician of parts. But he wouldn't hurt a fly.

Secretary of Labor Schwollenbach, Secretary of Agriculture Anderson,

Secretary of Treasury Vinson and Secretary of State Byrnes, all Truman appointees, seem better qualified individually than any of their predecessors in the Roosevelt cabinet. Yet, as a whole, the Truman cabinet has shown no impressive strength in spite of the President's policy of delegating far more power than Roosevelt ever gave his subordinates. The vigorous old New Deal palace guard, whether led by Tommy Corcoran or Harry Hopkins, always supplied shock troops well armed with intelligence, vigor and something approaching fanatical belief in their cause. There is no comparable force at the command of the White House now.

It would be a mistake, however, to write off Truman, for weaknesses betrayed or mistakes made in his first few months in the White House, either as a failure in the office of the Presidency or as a political push-over in 1948. Opinion polls show that he is still popular with the people and, even more important, that his warm-over of the New Deal is what the people want in the way of policy direction. As of today, there isn't any Democrat on the scene who can endanger his nomination or any Republican who seems to have an even money chance of beating him. Truman, it can be assumed, will run for election in his own right next time, however much he may dislike his job.

Furthermore, his record indicates that he is capable of continued growth. When he came to the Senate he was a

small time politician and creature of a corrupt city machine. There was nothing to distinguish him except a good war record as an artillery captain and ability to play the piano. This latter talent, incidentally, represented chiefly his mother's determination, not any overwhelming devotion to the art of music in his own make-up.

Competing with far better equipped men, Truman made a record that set him apart and commended him to Roosevelt for the vice presidential nomination. As chairman of the war industries investigating committee, Truman made a substantial contribution to the war effort, displayed considerable courage at times, even in the face of frowns from the White House, and earned the right to be called a statesman. Nobody did this for him. He had help, of course, but he ran his own show — ran it with such tact that his bi-partisan committee, handling highly controversial material, never issued any but unanimous reports.

As he becomes more experienced in his job, Truman can be counted upon to gain effectiveness. He is looking around now for brain trusters. He is reconsidering some of the policies which seem to lack promise. He is toughening his attitude toward Congress. Whatever happens to his policies, he almost certainly will gain personal popularity as the country knows him better. He commands liking and sympathy, if not always adulation, from those who know him. They come to realize that when he

flies to Missouri to visit his mother on her birthday, he's doing it for his own and her pleasure, not for benefit of the bleachers.

And whatever happens to him personally, nobody will ever have to feel sorry for Harry Truman. He wears no hair shirt. There is tough fibre under his meek exterior. He has bounce and he enjoys himself, even in the White House. On the day that Pat Hurley resigned as Ambassador to China with

a blast at the State Department — a day of bad news for the President — he sent out the usual 4:30 P.M. call to a few of his assistants for a swim in the White House pool. In George Allen's office the message was transmitted by a secretary who thrust her head in the door, interrupted a conference and said:

"That man says to come over for a swim and he says last one in is a sucker."



The Democracy of Death —

IT COMES equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an Oak in the Chimney are no Epitaph of that Oak to tell me how high or large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too, it says nothing. It distinguishes nothing: as soon as the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldest not, as of a Prince thou couldest not look upon, will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blows it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flower, and this the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran.

— JOHN DONNE: *Sermons*

WOMEN WHO DRINK TOO MUCH

BY ALSON JESSE SMITH

FOR too many a homecoming soldier, the long-dreamed-of reunion is spoiled by a tragedy he never suspected: his wife, his mother, his sweetheart or sister has become an alcoholic. There is no question about it, drinking among American women is increasing alarmingly.

The figures available are not complete. They never are, because alcoholics, especially women, try to keep their plight a secret. But what figures there are clearly show an upward trend, especially during the last five years. In 1940, Yale's Department of Physiology figured there were 2,000,000 to 2,400,000 intemperate drinkers in this country. Of these about 600,000 men and just under 100,000 women were chronic alcoholics. By 1945 Dr. D. B. Rothman of Chicago's Municipal Court found that a third of the city's alcoholics were women. He says that "in many cases delinquent wives and mothers are using the soldier's allotment as an opening wedge into . . . chronic alcoholism." Chicago is not unique. The F.B.I., in a nationwide estimate,

found that five times as many women were arrested for drunkenness in 1944 as in 1932 and that, in spite of gas rationing, drunken driving among women increased 226 per cent in the same period.

Why do so many women choose now to start drinking? To most people, some reasons are obvious: unrest caused by the war, high pay for women in war industry, men away at war. But the most important reason is less obvious: the weakening of the social pressure or taboo against drinking by women.

For here, as in their sex lives, women have been restrained by the double standard. Northern European custom glorified heavy drinking by men and made inebriety the vice of the gods. But the same custom forbade a woman to drink, ostracized her if she did it. She was supposed to be the embodiment of the ascetic virtues. We all know a few older women who make sure their husbands have plenty of whiskey before and after dinner while they take nothing, or at most, a little light wine, themselves.

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The double standard wasn't fair, but it did preserve certain values.

The discrepancy between the numbers of men and women alcoholics has been a good argument against the generally-held belief that alcoholism is a symptom of some mental difficulty. Since just as many women as men break down emotionally, alcoholism should logically be evenly divided between the sexes. As it is not, some people reason that emotion has nothing to do with it. The answer to that is: wait awhile. Up to now, discipline and the fear of censure and punishment has shut women off from an escape from mental and emotional difficulties through excessive drinking. Now that no one bothers to tell a drinking woman she's not a lady, she is free to tipple as she will. Discipline may be old-fashioned, but as Dr. Abraham Myerson of Harvard Medical School's Department of Psychiatry never tires of pointing out: "Punishment is one of life's natural therapies."

II

The women who drink do it for the same fundamental reasons that men do — to cover up some inadequacy in themselves, to narcotize physical or psychic pain, or just to be sociable. They are emotionally immature. We see them in cocktail lounges and honky-tonks, at bars in the best hotels and cheapest restaurants, at "teas" and bridge parties, lapping up pretty drinks — crème de Menthe, orange blossoms and pink ladies — or the

simpler Scotch and sodas and Martinis. We do not see them at home and in hotel rooms when they soak up straight gin, straight bourbon, cheap rye or rum cokes.

A few women drinkers resemble men drinkers closely. For instance, some are "unorganized extroverts" with no fixed loyalties and no special reason for staying sober. They are the ones who, if they keep it up long enough, become "sot drinkers," who drink even "canned heat" or vanilla extract to keep misery at arm's length.

But most women alcoholics do not fall into the same personality patterns as their male counterparts. Psychiatrists find many chronic male inebriates much alike, but their drinking sisters more individual. In male case histories the same background for drinking appears again and again: spoiling by the mother, tyranny by the father, an overpowering conscience which confers a perpetual sense of frustration and failure, hidden homosexual tendencies. But no such composite picture of the woman drinker has emerged. Perhaps, some experts think, the picture may come clear as more women are put through the clinics.

As far as is now known, the female alcoholic seems to be a sexually maladjusted, unhappy, restless, aggressive, narcissistic, bored woman somewhat above the average in intelligence (but this may be weighted by the fact that the brighter ones are the most likely to go for treatment of their own accord). Unless interrupted by some

doctor, minister or friend with more than usual force and insight, she floats from restrictive parental environment or home situation to cocktail lounge, from marriage bed to adultery, from bar to jail to bar again and on to the mental hospital.

On her first interview at a hospital (whither police, relatives or her own conscience may have brought her), she usually denies heavy drinking. "Only a rare glass of sherry," she will say. Actually she does a more thorough job of getting drunk than a man, may drink more than a quart of hard liquor a day. She drinks harder than a man, deteriorates faster, suffers greater depletion (alcohol reduces food intake and vitamin absorption), is more likely to go crazy, more likely to die. No one knows why this is. And, ironically, what social pressure is left is exerted against her admitting she drinks and getting treatment while she still has a chance.

As many questions about women's alcoholism remain unanswered (e.g., why are women's hallucinations usually normal as to sex desires while men's are usually homosexual?), experts on alcoholism have begun to study female dipsomaniacs separately from men. Dr. James H. Wall recently published a report on fifty cases at New York Hospital's Westchester Division. He found a stronger "psychosexual" element among them than among alcoholic males; thirty of the fifty were tomboyish; forty had painful menstruation, were much annoyed by the menstrual function (as

are most women with painful menstruation) and drank heavily during their periods; thirty-three did not get on well with women; although forty-eight had been married, they had only twenty-three children (as parents, they were indifferent and neglectful); thirty-four had unhappy marriages; twenty were divorced; thirty, including the two spinsters, had engaged in hetero-sexual activities outside marriage.

Women, concluded Dr. Wall, are likely to take up alcohol because of some definite personal problem rather than a vague maladjustment. They may start because of pain, abortion, jilting, an unhappy marriage, guilt over a love affair, childbirth, fear of growing old. One of his patients started while trying to get used to dental plates.

III

As good a sample as any is Sylvia, whose history is in the New York Hospital files. When she came in at twenty-eight she had seven years' heavy drinking behind her. For a girl who had drunk over a quart of whiskey a day for months, she was in pretty good shape.

She had been an only child, bright, healthy and a show-off (symptom of insecurity). Her father was a dynamic, successful business man to whom she was deeply attached, a "spree" drinker but not an alcoholic. At sixteen, Sylvia left school and began an aimless life of travel and entertainment. At

twenty, she married and in less than a year she had a baby in which she took little interest. She found her home duties a burden. Within two years she got a divorce and began to give drinking her undivided attention.

Or take Mary, whose life story is in the files at the Washingtonian Hospital in Boston. She was a "lovely girl," just as her doctor said when he brought her in. But at thirty-eight she was unmarried and her one chance had gone when her fiancé left her, owing to her heavy drinking. She loved her irritable, authoritative, heavy-drinking father. She almost hated her mother. When still very young, Mary met with mild success in a stage career. She began drinking when she was sixteen and engaged in sex relations while intoxicated. Her lover married someone else and Mary lost confidence in herself, failed on the stage, went home and drank whenever she wanted to "feel better." She lost all control when her father died and it was then the doctor referred her to the hospital.

More serious than either of these is Irene, because Irene is in the early stages of insanity. She was brought up in poverty with little affection. Her father died when she was six, in an accident that resulted from his drinking. The mother took in washing to support Irene and her six other children. Irene was excitable, nervous and confused. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, at the age of fifteen, Irene learned to drink, not because she liked it but because it made her feel

gay. She left school in the tenth grade because it was "too much bother." In the following two years she had six different jobs, two of which she lost because of her drinking. In the same period she was arrested for drunkenness seven times.

Irene shared the general excitement and upset of the war period. She met a soldier and married him after a four-day courtship, although she did not love him. At eighteen, she was placed under treatment for venereal disease. Irene is withdrawn and difficult to reach. She has no insight into her problem—indeed, does not consider it a problem at all. She pretends she is very happy, but feels people expect too much of her.

Not typical at all is Emily, a neat, conservative, honest, somewhat abrupt woman of fifty. She was the youngest of four children and her mother paid little attention to her, with the result that Emily was mischievous just to get attention. At eleven she went to a private school. At twenty, on graduating from college, she went overseas for the Red Cross in World War I. There she fell in love, but her father would not let her marry her penniless beau. Later she married someone else, a man she liked but did not love. The birth of two children did not bring them together.

At parties, as she did not dance, she sat and drank while her husband danced. Later, when she had a painful intestinal disorder, together with financial troubles, she found partial

relief in alcohol, worked up to a quart of gin or Scotch a day. After two years at that rate, a maid found her unconscious in her room and the family doctor sent her to a psychiatrist.

IV

What was so odd about Emily? After only two sessions with the psychiatrist, she quit drinking for good. "I just made up my mind," she explained. She was the rarest type of alcoholic, the type who can simply stop. Most need long treatment. Even busy New York Hospital counts on an average of at least five months of hospital treatment and recommends regular visits to a psychiatrist for a period of another year. And at best, no treatment center expects more than 25 per cent to 40 per cent of their patients to keep away from the bottle for good on the first try.

Treatment varies with the institution and the school of thought. Some doctors have tried such varied remedies as spinal fluid drainage, benzedrine, hypnotism, or electric shock. Though some methods seem to do good, Harvard's Dr. Myerson and other experts are still baffled enough to say "we don't know."

At New York Hospital a woman who comes in to get rid of alcoholism is first de-alcoholized (if she needs it) by rest, food, fluids and no whiskey. If she has delirium tremens or a psychosis, long baths and wet packs are used rather than sedatives. Once she is strong again, occupational and social

activities begin. There are psychiatric interviews to find out what is bothering her. The idea is to get her to see why she drinks and to retrain her mind so that she doesn't need the false stimulus of liquor any more. The hospital tries to give her self confidence, interest in work and play. Sylvia, for instance, the twenty-eight-year-old divorcee who was bored with her child, stayed at the hospital over a year, learned to be friendly with the other patients, and took up again an old-time hobby, cooking. When she left she got a good job with a catering establishment and began enjoying life on her own, without alcohol.

At the University of Wisconsin Hospital and at Washingtonian, doctors use the "conditioned reflex" treatment and psychotherapy. The patient is given an injection of emetine or some other substance to make her vomit, and then is given free rein with her favorite spirits. After one drink, retching begins. Such treatments are continued until the very sight of liquor will make the patient sick. This method relieves many of any desire to drink. That is what helped Mary, the thirty-eight-year-old husbandless ex-actress. After the treatments she became self-confident, got a job and held it. Once in a while she goes back for a "reinforcement" treatment just in case.

There are certain difficulties that the alcoholic woman will face, even if she wants to get help. First, she will be confronted by the fact that there just are not enough facilities in this coun-

try to begin to handle some 700,000 alcoholics. The Council on Medical Education and Hospitals of the American Medical Association lists only 110 institutions in the entire country which treat alcoholics. Development of facilities has been retarded by the old idea that an alcoholic is a sinner to be punished in jail rather than a sick person to be treated in a hospital. Facilities for women are rare because until lately the people who built institutions took it for granted that women did not drink.

But a woman drinker who is not afraid of the words "mental hospital," "psychiatrist" and "sanitarium" now has a pretty fair chance for treatment at any of the hospitals named above, at Johns Hopkins, or through the Yale Plan Diagnostic Clinics at New

Haven and Hartford. (No treatment is given at the Yale Plan Clinics but they refer alcoholics to people who can help them.) If the woman lives far from any of these centers, she should write to the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol at 60 East 42nd St., New York City for advice. And she should not forget the religious therapy of Alcoholics Anonymous which has been widely and justly publicized. There is probably a branch near her.

One final word. The woman alcoholic who really wants to stop must realize, and her friends must realize, that alcohol in any form or quantity is not for her as long as she lives. As Dr. Robert Seliger of Johns Hopkins says: "There is no such thing as a *little* alcohol."



*P*ATRIOTISM depends as much on mutual suffering as on mutual success, and it is by that experience of all fortunes and all feelings that a great national character is created.

— BENJAMIN DISRAELI

*D*EPEND upon it that if a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery there never is any recourse to the mention of it. — SAMUEL JOHNSON

CONSCRIPTION AND THE WEST POINT MIND

BY ARTHUR E. MORGAN

THE VALUE of compulsory military training has been ably presented, by high Army, Navy, and government officials, in the press, on the radio, and before Congressional committees. Let us now look at the other side.

Both sides agree upon the importance of the proposed step. Hanson Baldwin, the military critic of the *New York Times*, and an opponent of conscription, says: "Permanent peacetime conscription — universal military training — will profoundly influence our social, economic, physical and educational life, as well as our military organization." General Marshall, former Chief of Staff and a vigorous exponent of conscription, states in his recent biennial report: "By this method we would establish, for the generations to come, a national military policy."

When a high ranking military man pleads for universal military training does he express an impartial, objective judgment, or does he repeat the traditional doctrine of the military caste? When a communist of high standing

speaks of communism we expect the orthodox communist line, and we get it. How about the professional soldier?

Two matters of national importance now in the news illustrate the extent of military bias. The question of uniting Army and Navy Departments into one department of national defense finds Army officialdom unanimously in favor of the union, while the Naval high command is arrayed just as solidly against it. Dealing with exactly the same facts, the two services reach opposite conclusions. The attitude of the Army in its united front against the proposed MVA (Missouri Valley Authority), which would somewhat reduce Army civilian powers, is another case in point. Only occasionally do circumstances throw into sharp relief this long-standing bent of mind. The powerful Army and Navy drive for compulsory peacetime training cannot be accepted as representing impartial judgment.

The Army works ceaselessly for more power and prestige. It has disclosed no limits to the craving for power. Hanson Baldwin states in

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Harper's: "Peacetime conscription would certainly increase the stature and authority of military leaders as against civil leaders. The natural human tendency has resulted sometimes in past history in the establishment of a military dynasty, or a professional hierarchy, which has not only influenced but determined foreign and domestic policies (as in Germany and France)."

The Army attitude does not represent lack of personal integrity. Given his indoctrination and the resulting deeply rooted beliefs, the West Pointer would be lacking integrity if he did not stand up for his convictions. The question is whether we want all America to be indoctrinated with the West Point and Annapolis philosophy.

The authoritarian and dictatorial temper of West Point rules the Army. It is not just a régime for training military men, but a cult, with a deep-rooted tradition and philosophy. Few religions or other cults anywhere put their novices through such intense training. Few Americans realize what medieval, coercive indoctrination of young minds goes on at the Academy.

In peacetime, according to Senate Document 91 (June 7, 1939), half the United States Army officers are West Point graduates, and most of the others are developed under its influence. In wartime, controlling functions are necessarily assigned to men from civil life, but most ultimate power remains in West Point hands. If present plans for universal training are adopted,

West Point will control that program, and all America will be impregnated with the West Point mind. In many historic cases a national ideology has been made over with far less intensive indoctrination than that program implies.

II

Let us take a look at this process. A distinguished reporter has said, "The West Point man is honest, and a polished gentleman. . . . Honor, though not a curriculum subject, is, in fact, the subject best taught at West Point." So much we must grant, but other traits which the Academy breeds are not as admirable. A description of a few years back describes the newcomer at the school as a "beast." He must obey commands of upperclassmen, and in so doing he must not walk, but run. "The personal idiosyncrasies and secret pride of the men are hunted down and ridiculed. Few cadets come out of the 'beast' barracks with much pride to do their own thinking. . . . The instinct of alert youth to question has been crushed."

An outstanding, independent-minded graduate and former instructor, Colonel T. B. Mott, whose record is in *Who's Who*, stated ten years ago: "Every hour of every day in the whole year is prescribed by inflexible rules. . . . The moment a boy enters West Point he receives a salary from the government out of which all his expenses are paid. . . . He never sees or touches his pay — in fact, he is pun-

ished if any money is found in his possession." The ruthless, fantastically minute regimentation of his life cannot be described here in detail. "What they make of him in four years is subject to almost no outside influence of any kind, whether family, religious, pecuniary or political. . . . 'But,' it will be easily objected [and this is the usual response of West Point to criticisms], 'all that was a very long while ago; things have greatly changed since your time.' I have made careful inquiry . . . no change commensurate with the evil has intervened. . . . Amid all the upheaval in American institutions, West Point has stood unaffected in any of its essential characteristics since 1830."

"There is no other educational institution in the world where the student body is so absolutely in the hands of their teachers to make of them what they choose. . . . All of the instructors and all of the professors [except two or three] are Army officers, almost invariably alumni of the Academy. . . . They have had generally no experience in teaching. . . . [Aside from technical engineering], as a rule they know little beyond what they learned as cadets. . . . This will explain the changelessness which characterizes the curriculum and method of instruction."

Another writer states: "Nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men. They are taken as the only and final authority in their fields, and to question their authority is a breach of discipline." For a century

no cadet was allowed within library doors, except for very brief periods.

There is rigid, anti-democratic stratification of rank, with no courtesies to inferiors. Under this discipline, according to one who knows, nervous disorder appears more frequently than any other except respiratory trouble. A psychiatrist would have a field day interpreting Army policies as the after-results of extreme repressions.

One graduate, Colonel C. L. Hall, writing from West Point, stated: "Initiative is welcomed, as it was in prewar German military instruction, but it must be within the scope of the field of knowledge determined by higher authority. A question of the bases of this knowledge certainly is discouraged." He reaches the conclusion, "No reform is possible."

West Point is Prussian in conception. The revered Captain Thayer, who reorganized the Academy in 1817, brought the pattern back with him from Europe, where military institutions rigidly followed the lines of the anti-democratic European governments. Three factors have helped West Point to perpetuate that pattern: the habit of appointing its own graduates to its teaching staff; the admission of immature and impressionable youth, mostly just out of high school; and the system of extreme isolation. In such an environment, the spirit of the young cadet is broken, and his mind is deeply indoctrinated. Only a few exceptionally strong characters withstand that proc-

ess. A dean of a great university, who had given pre-West Point training to a large number of young men, wrote me a few months ago:

I believe that compulsory military training is necessary, but not that of the West Point pattern. My personal contacts with the effects of the West Point "system" on my former students and my knowledge of what my son has accomplished as an Army officer without West Point training have given me an appreciation of what the Military Academy is doing to our young men and an understanding that much of this is, to say the least, un-American, and is wrecking the lives of some of our finest young men.

I am sure that the present pattern of training is unnecessary and that it is in most ways harmful to the men themselves and to the country. The bases for my strong feeling are chiefly recent personal experiences. . . . What I learned of the effect upon the boys I knew so well saddened me greatly. I found most of these boys no longer the fine, independent, gracious men I had known. Even so soon the "hardening" process was evident in their faces. Boys eighteen and nineteen years old seem to be easily bent, but those twenty-one years old suffer greatly, though they yield against their will, if they stick it out. . . . My son . . . recently was promoted to —. Throughout his army years he has been highly successful in the handling of men, and his methods are not those of West Point. With the right men as officers, we can, I believe, have the advantages of military training without the Prussian destruction of all that is human and individual.

A major in the Army writes:

The problem of the West Point clique is certain to become increasingly important over the next few years. Little has been written about it because those of us in direct contact with it are not in a position to express ourselves, and as a result, the

general public is hardly aware that it exists as a social force.

It is an alarming fact that the army caste system is accepted with very little resistance by the enlisted men, and there can be no doubt that it will have a permanent effect on a great many of them. The system is, I believe, an essential part of battlefield psychology, but is very detrimental in all of the phases of war which deal with invention, development, and supply in general.

General MacArthur, as Superintendent of the Academy, tried to modernize the institution, but was opposed and eliminated before his four-year term was completed.

Here and there officers directly from civilian life have endeavored to depart from the Prussian tradition of the Army and to act in a democratic manner. Some of them have had exceptional loyalty and self-discipline in their units. Yet traditional Army autocracy is so nearly universal that the average American takes it for granted as being in the very nature of things, unaware that an effective Army could exist on any other basis. If we put every American boy of seventeen or eighteen through that same process, the anti-democratic temper will become a national trait.

The repercussions of permanent conscription cannot be judged from the citizen's army now in process of demobilization; the military establishment which won the war bears scant resemblance to the one which the generals now hope to impose upon us. In our present selective service Army, men from eighteen to thirty-eight, largely mature persons, serve

together as a cross-section of American life. With the proposed program we would have a uniformly immature group disciplined and indoctrinated by a disciplined and indoctrinated officer and trainer class.

III

Extension of West Point influence would menace long-time *military* security. Its regimentation and arbitrary subordination to authority has been deadly to alert, creative inquiry. For seventy-five years West Point men have had charge of the Mississippi. About 1875, deepening the outlet of the river was an issue. James B. Eads proposed a system of jetties, an unconventional method. The Army strenuously opposed the "innovation." Eads eventually won, and now his system is fully accepted by the Army engineers.

About 1874 a board of Army engineers, West Point men, made a plan for controlling Mississippi floods by levees and bank protection. Their estimate of the total cost was somewhat less than 5 per cent of what the actual cost by their plan proved to be. Then came revolutionary improvements in materials and machinery for construction, yet through half a century this primitive, inadequate plan was adhered to as sacred dogma. Other methods were denounced and ridiculed.

The annual report of the Army engineers, issued early in 1927, stated categorically that the river was now

safe from floods. A few weeks later a flood tore the system to pieces, with vast damage. Only then, with accumulated outside pressure, did the Army retreat from its sacred doctrine. Today the methods it condemned for half a century are fully accepted.

In Europe the use of hydraulic laboratories for studying river control problems on a small scale, before spending vast sums in construction, has long been standard practice. Yet the Army steadily opposed this "innovation." Finally a great American engineer, John R. Freeman, at his own expense published a large volume describing in detail the use of these laboratories in Europe. He campaigned for their adoption in America, and finally overcame Army resistance. Today the national hydraulic laboratory is a basic tool of the Army engineers on the Mississippi. An alert, inquiring attitude would have made the Army engineers the pioneers in the field, rather than the last stronghold of reaction. In recent years a more inquiring spirit is in evidence.

Everyone remembers the unsuccessful efforts of General Mitchell to get recognition in the Army of the significance of the airplane in war. I am told by an able and well informed physicist that rudimentary radar equipment was designed, built, and furnished to some of our warships during the first world war. It was not perfect, and was left unused. The equipment lay on shipboard for about a decade, while no one in the Navy showed enough creative imagination

to explore its enormous possibilities.

As for the atomic bomb, Alexander Sachs, who was directly effective in bringing the project to the attention of the President, states that both the Army and the Navy were initially uninterested and for a considerable period remained indifferent. This most powerful of all military forces, therefore, like so many other concepts requiring ranging imagination, would have been lost if the West Point and Annapolis judgments had not been overruled by an imaginative President, with the encouragement of the civilian head of the U. S. Bureau of Standards, Lyman J. Briggs.

There is reason to believe that military shortsightedness continued to impede the atomic bomb project, and there can be no doubt of its well-nigh disastrous influence on the development of science generally. Dr. Charles Allen Thomas, vice-president of the Monsanto Chemical Company, had charge of a critical phase of the project — the chemistry and purification of plutonium. He holds that the Army failed utterly to see the significance of science to the war effort, and insisted on drafting science students vitally needed to sustain our national strength. Dr. Thomas said:

The present selective service policies may have a profoundly adverse effect on the atomic bomb program, and might even cost the United States its head start in atomic bomb research over other nations. . . .

Postwar scientific research in the United States has been set back by at least from two to four years by the drafting of young natural scientists. . . .

Already it will take until 1955 for the universities of this country to catch up with the need for scientifically trained young men at the rate at which that need was growing before the war. . . .

In contrast with United States policy, both Great Britain and Russia have been careful to conserve their young natural scientific and research talent.

He stated that 20 per cent of his research staff now face induction. More are classed 1A than during the war! "It takes six or seven years from high school to give a young man the necessary training for research work, and the moment he finishes this schooling in college and industry he is 'right in the middle of the draft.'" "The *average* age of the natural scientists working on the atomic bomb project at Santa Fe was around thirty years."

A committee of foremost men of science, concerned over this issue, selected Dr. Arthur H. Compton, Nobel prizewinner in physics, to carry their message to the country. In the course of a nation-wide radio statement on January 14, 1945, Dr. Compton stated: "When the Nazis came into power, the study of fundamental science was greatly curtailed and even the technical schools fell to roughly 25 per cent of their full enrollment. . . . Yet this did not go as far toward destroying their scientific strength as we have gone in weakening our own science in this war." (The Germans later changed their policy; our Army did not.) "If the war should continue for as long as it has already been fought, our present policy of no

advanced scientific and technical training will spell national disaster.”

In the field of medicine we find similar concern. In the *Saturday Evening Post* for January 27, 1945, Dr. Evarts A. Graham, former major in the Army Medical Corps, past president of the American College of Surgeons, and member of a committee appointed by the Secretary of War to study the medical needs of the Army, wrote: “The Army and Navy have adopted policies which have already effectively prevented our medical schools and hospitals from continuing the supply of trained doctors for the armed services. . . . Few would believe that the Army, in need of well trained surgeons, would destroy the only plan of producing them that has been found to work efficiently. Yet that is what has happened.”

Senator LaFollette wrote (*Congressional Record*, November 23, 1945): “It is a well known fact that most of the startling technical progress of the past war came from outside the armed forces. And many a scientist and engineer will bitterly tell you that his developments and contributions were made in spite of, not with the help of, the services.”

IV

Military strength, as Hanson Baldwin has pointed out, is not to be confused with peacetime conscription. In this age of science and rapid technological change, the spirit of active creative inquiry is indispensable to military

strength; conscription is not. Rocket ships and atomic bombs make it necessary that we have as many resilient, imaginative minds as possible if we are to avoid chaos. West Point strait-jackets the minds of its own. Can we expect that the youth of the nation will escape the deadening impact of its regimentation under a program of compulsory military training which it dominates?

In addition to paralyzing the inquiring spirit, this Prussianization of youth also threatens democracy itself. The lessons of discipline and obedience, which military establishments preach, tend to suppress liberal tendencies and to uphold the *status quo*. Universal compulsory military training spread those lessons effectively in Prussia. The English Colonel Maude, a strong advocate of the system, wrote approvingly in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*:

If the proportion of men escaping service [in Prussia] rose materially above one half of the total yearly contingent of men becoming available for service, the danger lay very near that the socialist vote might soon exceed all other interests put together, thus threatening the stability of all existing institutions. To meet this danger it was determined in 1893 to increase the annual contingent whilst diminishing the duration of colour service, so that approximately two thirds of the men available should pass through the ranks, it being held that the habit of obedience to constituted authority acquired in the army, together with the silent influence which could be exercised on the ex-soldiers and reservists by the sympathy and example of their former commanders of all ranks, formed the best possible guarantee

against the undue spread of socialistic doctrine.

In France too, and even in our own country, military training has been used as an instrument of propaganda to mold social outlooks. *Training Manual 2000-25*, published by the United States Army in 1928 as an official textbook on citizenship for the Citizens Military Training Camps, attacks labor legislation and efforts to outlaw war. Its definition of democracy is illustrative:

Democracy. A government of the masses. Authority derived through mass meetings or any other form of "direct" expression. Attitude toward property is communistic — negating property rights. Attitude toward law is that the will of the majority shall regulate, whether it be based upon deliberation or governed by passion, prejudice, and impulse, without restraint or regard to consequences. Results in demagogism, license, agitation, discontent, anarchy. . . .

Following public objection, this and some other passages were deleted, but the militaristic, anti-democratic tradition which inspired them was not. It is in the blood and fiber of West Point. Significantly, an official Army textbook has also complained that among "the defects in Our [national] Policy" is "Direction of military operations by a civilian Secretary of War."

One benefit claimed for military training is that it improves health and morals. Under the proposed program about a third of the men, those most needing help, would be rejected and not helped. A civilian program would

aim to help those most needing help.

Records of the Army and Navy Surgeons General and of the United States Public Health Service indicate that in 1939 the incidence of syphilis in the general population was 5.1 per 1000, in the Army 29.6, and in the Navy 85.9. As draftees were inducted the rate in the services fell, but as they took on Army and Navy ways it rose again, the rise being very rapid in 1945.

In the *Congressional Record* for November 20, 1945, is a detailed account of the Navy policy of operating a large house of prostitution in Japan, with others contemplated. The account describes men lined up four abreast for a block, supervised by military police while waiting admission, with a return line waiting to receive prophylaxis from Navy medical men assigned to that purpose.¹ The military caste system was protected by reserving geisha houses for the officers. Hanson Baldwin writes, "No one knowing the Army can describe the standard of morals and habits formed there as uplifting. Quite the contrary." The same, of course, is at least equally true of the Navy.

As to the educational value of conscription, two comments sum up the issue. The first is by the New York State Commission on Education: "The kind of obedience that is fostered by military training is not the kind that lasts. It is a temporary sub-

¹ Following strong criticism of this condition in the press and in Congress, the Navy announced that houses of prostitution have been declared "out of bounds" for Navy personnel.

jection of the will which often leads to greater disobedience when military pressure is removed." The second is from a letter on the subject signed by Presidents Conant of Harvard, Dodds of Princeton, Day of Cornell, Hutchins of Chicago, Sproul of California State, and seven others: "Military training offers no real solution to national problems of education, health, or responsible citizenship in a free society. Moreover, we do not favor the control of even a year's education of young men by the Federal government." As another commentator remarked, forcing a high school boy into military life "will not bring democracy into militarism; it will bring militarism into civilian life and undermine democracy."

One of the strong arguments for universal training is that it is an alternative to a large standing Army. This argument is unsound for three reasons. First, the present plan is to keep about 2,000,000 men in the Army and Navy indefinitely. When in the world's history was this less than a great standing army?

Second, according to Hanson Baldwin, the size of the standing army will be practically independent of the presence or absence of universal training. Third, why not give voluntary enlistment a fair trial? The common soldier has been looked on throughout history as a sort of slave, to be paid little more than subsistence. Treat him as an American citizen and pay him as such, and probably enough young men will join the services.

V

By tradition, outlook, training, and on the basis of its record, the Army is simply not qualified to devise a program which will take account of the total national interest.

What can be done? Four things specifically. First of all, we should postpone action on conscription until the subject has been much more fully investigated. The American Council on Education, which includes all the major organizations in the educational field, recommends that the President appoint a national commission of representative leaders from industry, agriculture, labor, the church, education, and the Congress to survey all aspects of the proposed training program — among them its relationship to other aspects of national defense, to the educational system, and to the program of international peace through world organization.

Second, when a national policy is formulated and adopted, then, if it should include some elements of military training, a somewhat similar commission should have overall control of that program, to insure that such training does not destroy the self-directive freedom which is the genius of America, and the source of its long-time strength. The state is only one aspect of society. A wise state will be modest and restrained in exercising power over its subjects. The American concept of life has included a high regard for personal autonomy. Any program, such as peace-

time universal compulsory military training, which would require a boy of seventeen or eighteen to surrender his life philosophy if he has one, and make himself an uncritical and obedient instrument of imposed authority while being indoctrinated in the philosophy of force, would be a blow to freedom.

Third. At present West Point is an anti-democratic outpost in America, with plans to capture America for the spirit of blind obedience, arbitrary power, and rigid caste stratification. It should be reorganized, making it a

graduate school, receiving men of greater maturity and educational background; and all except the explicitly military members of the faculty should be drawn from other educational institutions, where the American spirit survives and modern scholarship prevails. West Point should be Americanized before it Prussianizes America.

Fourth. America should study most carefully the conditions necessary for peace, and not only the conditions necessary for waging war.



The Nature of Happiness —

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

— JOSEPH ADDISON: *The Spectator*

WORDS FOR JOHN WILLIE

A Story

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

AS JOHN WILLIE eased the bars down, separated old Jers, the red cow from the yearling heifer and drove her out, his heart was blundering along his ribs worse than a hoss that had et a mess of staggerweed. He had lain in his bed in the loft waiting till moonset to slip away, but it was still light enough to see how everything looked. The old gray house, squatting like an ill-fed cat there in the paling fence. The well with the mossy well-gum and the wellsweep that had been there since gran'pap's time.

By-Jingo, the black and white feist came twiddling around John Willie's legs, begging to go. He allus followed John Willie.

"You go back there now," John Willie said in a loud whisper. "You got to stay with Ma and the young'uns. Ain't no place for you where I'm a goin'."

With drooping tail, By-Jingo snuck back and sat down on the doorstep. John Willie's eyes stung but he tightened up his mouth and vowed it was

because he hadn't slept much. He had to stay awake to slip off fore it got daybreak. He wanted to be clar off the crick fore it come sunup, cause he didn't want any of the neighbors asking where he was driving Ma's cow off to. That was a question he didn't want to answer.

Back in the stable lot, the yearling bawled lonesomely. John Willie brushed his eyes with his knuckles and drove the cow along the paling fence to the road, then started on down it. Jers didn't want to go, so he broke an elm switch to skutch her along with.

When he got to the lane, he turned and looked back at the house, where Ma and the young'uns slept. There was a quare emptiness in his stomach, like he was hungry, but he wasn't. He had never been away from home in all his fifteen years and he guessed it kind of made him afeard.

"I'll make it up to you, Ma," he said aloud, his husky voice breaking childishly. He put his hand up to his

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throat, for it seemed like the words had stuck there and they were big words. He swallowed hard, trying to down them.

It was too bad he had to remember just then, the year Ma worked for Sid Cottle to pay for the cow. That was when nearly all of the young'uns were little, right after Pa died. He had been about eight then, and it was something he couldn't forget.

That had been a drought year and wasn't much of anything raised. After the garden truck was gone, about all they had was turnips, and hominy, cooked off the first time in wood ashes, to take the husks off. Then Ma got the cow and times had been better for them. They had milk and butter, so the little young'uns didn't ever go to bed hungry after that. He had loved the fresh cold buttermilk and hot corn pone, on winter nights. And Ma had been so proud. . . .

He made a little crying sound in his throat, covering it up with a loud cough. And then suddenly he knew a thing he had not known before. He knew he couldn't go. He had dreamed of it and planned on it, for two whole years now, but he couldn't go. He had tried to make himself believe he was just borrying old Jers, but when you borried a thing, you paid it back and he couldn't pay old Jers back, once he got down yander. That wasn't borrying. That was stealing.

He headed the cow off and turned her back toward home. Now his feet hardly hit the ground, he was in such a swivit to get back. He thought he

must have been kind of out of his mind, wanting a thing, to slip off between two suns and take the milch cow with him. Whatever would Ma and the youn'uns have done without milk? What would Ma have thought of him. She allus said he was a good boy. . . .

II

Everything was still when he reached the house and Jers stood stomping impatiently till he slipped the bars down and let her through. Sliding the bars back, he turned and walked to the house, his head down, his heart dragging along slower than his feet. Seeing a doubled-up figure on the doorstep, he jumped, his mouth going dry as a chip. It was Ma!

"That you, son?" she asked gently, and looking down he saw that she had a dark shawl over her nightgown. Her face was a kind of white blur above it. Something hot and wet spilled down John Willie's face. Putting up a hand he pushed the tears away and sank down on the lower step, his knees feeling weak as b'iled-over coffee.

He thought she would say something but she didn't. Just sat there waiting for him to tell her. And he knew he had to do it. For a minute there, he thought it would kill a dream to take and spread it out for someone else to see, it was such a close thing. But now, he had to. She had seen him trying to steal the cow. He had to tell her.

Frantically he scurried around in

his mind, gathering up words — words to tell her. On a caught breath he said, “Ma, does words have color for you, pink and blue and green? Do they, Ma? Do they have taste, even, and feel? Do they, Ma?”

He knew she turned and stared at him in the dark. “Words, son?”

Suddenly now he wanted to tell her and it was easy. “Allus, words have been colored, the way I see them. Take the word *waken*, now. That’s a white word, kind of still, with no sound to it. Sundown. That word has got gold edges all mixed up with red. April is a pink word and soft as moss on a tree. Bird . . . that’s a word you can feel in your hands, round like. Maybe the best word of all is twilight. It’s blue and it smells like spicewood. Sunday is a purple word and wind is a green word and it has a taste like ripe Mayapple. They ain’t nothin’ in all the world like words, Ma. Nothin’.”

“You allus was a quare child, John Willie,” Ma said slowly. “You never was like the rest, allus a-mutterin’ to yourself and goin’ round wool-gatherin’. I’m right glad it ain’t nothin’ worse than words you got on your mind. I been afeard you was kindly tetched in the head.”

“Ma, it was the last year Miss Angel taught school, the last year I went, that I found out about words. No other teacher had bothered with me much. She learned me a lot of words to spell and I still spell ‘em over ever’ day, when I’m a-hoein’ corn or chopin’ wood, so I don’t ever foget ‘em. But I want to know a whole passel of

words. I want to know all the words in the books. She told me about this place, Miss Angel did, where you could go and learn. It’s a school down below yander a piece, and you can drive a cow down there and trade it for book learnin’. Maybe you have to do some work to boot, but I can work all right. I jist . . . had to go down yander. . . .”

He stopped and turned, trying to see her face in the dark. She sat so still that he was bothered in his mind. He wasn’t telling it right, maybe. He wanted her to understand that he wanted to go bad enough to steal, even.

“I was crazy, I reckon, but I’d thought on it so much, it peared all right to me, to kind of borry Jers. . . . I thought some day I could make some cash money and pay you back. I aimed to come back here and book-learn other young’uns that never had no chance to find out about words. It would take a right smart spell maybe, but I thought I could manage, now the other kids are up big enough to help you, Ma.”

He stopped again and put his head down in his hands against his knee. He felt little and mean and ornery as Almighty sin. Maybe all his life Ma would fault him for it and she had a right to. That had been an awful thing to do.

Up above the house, a hen squawled on the roost. By-jingo barked high and keen.

“Quile down there,” Ma said to the dog. She fetched a long sigh. “I ain’t

never had no hankerin' for words." It sounded like she was sorry she missed that.

John Willie raised his head and his voice choked with all the things that beat in his throat. "Pears like iffen I don't get me some more words, I'll jist p'intedly die."

Silence edged between them.

After a long time, Ma said, "Ifen you was to take the yearlin', you reckon you could get any words worth mentionin'?"

John Willie sat up suddenly, then wilted down like leaf lettuce in July. "Miss Angel never said nothin' about no yearlin'. She said a cow."

"I'd let you take Jers in a minit, and never say ary word," Ma spoke with a gentleness, "but Vi, she don't eat nothin' and pears kind of dauncy. Her bein' only eight, she needs milk to drink. Ifen you was of a mind to take the yearlin', we could make out all right."

John Willie got up. "Ma, have I got a clean shirt?"

"You got one I arned yisterday," Ma rose too. "I'll git it for you, son."

III

They went inside and Ma lit the lamp, then got the shirt, neat and folded, out of the clothes press. John Willie took off his dirty one, showing how thin he was, with ribs sticking out along his lean side. The lamplight poured pools of shadow into the hollows below his high cheekbones and into the dent between underlip

and chin, but there was a brightness in the dark eyes beneath the high smooth forehead. Impatiently he pushed back a lock of brown hair and tucked his shirt tail into his pants. "I was afeard to rummage for a clean shirt before. I didn't want to waken you."

Ma went to the press and got some vittles out. She took a knife and started slicing cold shoulder, then fetching half a pone of corn bread, she wrapped the meat and bread in a clean towel. There were five biscuits in a pan in the oven, so she split and buttered them, then added them to what she had already packed. Taking a paper poke from behind the meal barrel, she stuck the vittles into it.

"This will kind of stay your stomach," she said and handed him the poke. "You take a rope with you, John Willie, for that heifer might be hard to drive thew a town."

"I'll do that, Ma." He stood looking at her, seeing the straight, thin body, the brown face that looked tired and worn in the dim light. He wanted to put out his hand and touch her, to let her know how he felt, but instead he bent his head and kicked the floor with a bare toe.

"They's a pair of shoes in the bottom of the press, that belonged to your Pa. You're ywelcome to put 'em on and wear 'em." There was something warm and good in Ma's eyes as she looked at him and he thought, "If I live to be a hundred years old, I couldn't never make it up to her, all she's done, no matter how hard I try. There never was another one like

her. No one else in the world would do this for me."

"I tried the shoes on yisterday while you was in the tater patch. They . . . don't fit."

He wanted to go and look at the young'uns, where they were sleeping, Newt, Bear Cat and Viola, but he couldn't do it. Maybe if he did, he couldn't leave at all. His eyes were stinging again and his throat was tight and aching.

"I'll go and help you with the calf," Ma said and they went out together. Down in the stable lot, Ma minded Jers back while he drove the calf out, then he turned, putting the bars up slowly. Ma fetched a rope, wound it up so he could slip it over his shoulder and under his arm. Reaching to take it, his hand touched Ma's and it came to him that it was a long way down yander and the road was far and strange. He cried out suddenly, his voice childish and thin. "I'll come back, Ma."

"I know you will, John Willie," she said it quietly, without a quiver. "When you git you a passel of words,

you'll come back all right."

Her hand came out and lay on his shoulder and he stood there, feeling the warmth of it through all his body. He peered through the dark at her face, stamping the look of it in his mind to comfort him on the long journey.

"Take care of yourself, son," she said and let him go.

This time he did not look back as he drove the calf down the lane. Over and above the hurt of leaving Ma and the kids, there was a strange freeness in him, something light as duck down. Somewhere out yander, he would find a place to get him some words. A lot of words.

The calf looked awful little, trotting along before him, but he thought it would grow into a cow some day. And he wasn't afeard any more. Hadn't he found words to tell Ma what he wanted? He had made her understand that it wasn't jist because he was mean and ornery. When he got down yander to the school, he would find words to tell them how it was. That was all a feller needed — words.



*T*HERE are three things which the public will always clamor for, sooner or later, namely, novelty, novelty, novelty.

— THOMAS HOOD

FRANCE, SALESMAN OF DEMOCRACY

BY ANDRE VISSON

AT THEIR really free and unfettered national elections, the French people were asked: Do you prefer a new Fourth Republic to a restoration of the pre-Vichy Third Republic? And if so, do you trust General de Gaulle to head it? Their answer was "yes" to both questions.

It is now our turn to ask: Do we need France for world peace? And if so, can the French Fourth Republic under General de Gaulle live up to its responsibilities?

The strategic importance of France for the United States was strongly re-emphasized in World War II. The fall of France sounded the last call for speeding up American defense. And it was from French beachheads that Americans launched their decisive drive to breach Hitler's fortress. True, the new age of rocket planes and atomic bombs may alter many strategic relationships. But if we believe that Britain's security is vital to the United States, we must remember, as Neville Chamberlain declared before the war, that Britain's frontier is in France — on the Rhine.

Furthermore, so long as the Atlantic Ocean — our defense line — was reinforced by the double bulwark of Britain and France — two strong and friendly nations — this country was safe. Once they weakened, the United States lay exposed to deadly peril.

Today, the need for a strong and politically sound Britain is recognized even by those Americans who dislike the Big Three's dominance of the United Nations' Security Organization. And the need for a strong and politically sound France was underlined at the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences, which extended to France and China, at least officially, the co-equal and veto-exercising status claimed by the Big Three for themselves. France and China were also included in the Council of Foreign Ministers created by the Potsdam Conference. And at the Council's first meeting at London our insistence on France's right to participate in the discussion of Balkan affairs, now abandoned, was one of the reasons for our deadlock with Russia.

The recognition of France's priv-

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ileged status in the shaping of the postwar world is due at least as much to her political as to her strategic importance. Champion of European democracy since her revolution in 1789, France has remained the cornerstone of freedom in Western Europe, and has become the standard-bearer of many American-type political ideals and aspirations for the struggling democratic forces in Central and Eastern Europe. True, American democracy is historically, intellectually and spiritually much closer to the British. But it has been France's example much more than Britain's that has inspired the popular movements, elsewhere on the continent, which the United States is now striving to foster. Since the United States insists that those movements be given a chance to fulfill their aspirations, France remains potentially a most useful political associate, and a well-introduced salesman for American political ideas.

France has an advantage over England in the export of democratic ideas partly because of British insularity and partly too because of the high cost of education in British universities. Only a handful of European youths could afford to study at Oxford and Cambridge. But many generations of Poles and Rumanians, pre-revolutionary Russians and Serbs, Greeks and Italians, a good number of whom later became political leaders in their respective countries, were taught the basic principles of democracy in the universities of France.

So, when France fell in 1940, there was a general feeling that European democracy had gone down with it.

England, where the exiled governments of Europe found haven after the collapse of France, then became the rallying point for European democracy, but was, and still is, unable to take over its political leadership. To be sure, she made a bid for it. But centuries of aloofness from European political and cultural life could not easily be bridged. Moreover, as a result of her traditional policy of supporting the second strongest power on the continent, England had made various temporary allies, but few permanent friends. At the end, she was less known on the continent than was the remote United States, to which so many continental nations have sent generation after generation of their immigrant sons.

To be sure, European democracies were disappointed in France — by her military and moral weakness in the war and by the pre-war policies from which these weaknesses stemmed. They realize, however, that they cannot restore their continental family without its oldest member — France.

Moreover, the very fact that from 1940 to 1945 France was unable to play an active part in European affairs was rather to her advantage. By interfering in Greece and by compromising over Poland and Yugoslavia, England had alienated a good many friends and sympathizers in those countries. Had France been active in European affairs, she might have found herself obliged

to take similar actions, thus raising against herself similar resentments. But having been absent from the European diplomatic stage for five critical years, she escaped many painful responsibilities. Her leaders did not have to admit, as had Churchill, that in one country (Greece) they supported a king, and in another country (Yugoslavia) a Communist. It is true that France has lost her former prestige as a great military power. She can no longer extend to the small states of the Danubian Basin the military protection she was promising them before the war. But she can now present herself with a pretty clear record in international affairs, as far as Europe is concerned. And if France truly revives, she may well recapture her former leadership of Europe's democratic forces.

II

Now, what chances has the French Fourth Republic to achieve a national resurgence?

The November elections have shown that the French people are determined to make democracy work. Disgusted with the inefficient and unstable political regimes which followed one another in hopeless succession during the last decades of the Third Republic — forty-one different governments between 1920 and 1940 — they nevertheless rejected by an overwhelming majority all totalitarian or authoritarian political solutions. Under General de Gaulle's leadership they suc-

ceeded in crossing the critical stage of liberation both from the Nazi occupation and the Vichy regime, without revolutionary concussions, and they hope to establish their new Republic also without concussions.

The French speak the same basic language of democracy as do the Americans and the British. But they are not looking for American solutions of their economic and social problems. Their three major political parties — Communist, Socialist and Popular Republican — which together polled about 14,200,000 out of 19,600,000 votes, and obtained 428 seats out of the 586 in the Constituent Assembly, all advocate the gradual nationalization of key industries — mines, electric power, big banks and insurance companies. All three parties favor socialism but each has its own distinct variety: the totalitarian brand of the Communists, and middle-of-the-road British-style socialism of the Socialists, and the Christian socialism of the Popular Republicans.

The French people were already moving to the left before the war. The pre-war parties continually outbid one another in the vehemence and flamboyance of their appeals to the electorate. Most of them tried to appear much more radical than they really were. One of the rightist parties called itself "Progressive." Two of the center parties called themselves "Left Republicans" and "Republicans of the Left." And the great middle-of-the-road and slightly left-of-center party claimed to be "Radical-Social-

-ist." But — as the French were saying of themselves — while they were "wearing their heart on the Left, their checkbook was on the Right." By instinct and tradition they were conservative in their economic outlook.

It is, therefore, indeed surprising to see the French, extreme individualists, always so jealous of their freedom and independence, now turning to state control and state ownership as a cure for their economic and social ills. But it was just this extreme individuality which helped to undermine French capitalism. A capitalist economy flourishes only when all classes, rich and poor, place their common stakes in its success above their own divergent interests. It depends upon voluntary national solidarity. In France, however, rampant individualism shattered the rock of national unity, and capitalism foundered. As André Siegfried wrote about his compatriots: "With enough for his own wants, the Frenchman ignores with beaming self-satisfaction everything that does not appertain to his own community, almost to his own person." Thus, French individualism, amounting almost to egoism, made the adjustment of a capitalistic system to national solidarity extremely difficult.

In addition, the series of French financial political scandals, publicized by the press between the two wars, made many Frenchmen ask themselves whether there was not something fundamentally wrong with the capitalistic system as practiced in France.

Finally, the German occupation and the Vichy regime deprived them of the stimulating opportunity to unite all social classes in a national war effort, similar to that of their Allies.

This explains the desire of the French people to see capitalism in their country subjected to "structural reforms." But being a nation of small farmers, small artisans, small tradesmen and small rentiers, the French, by an overwhelming majority, voted for those parties which, while urging "structural reforms," nevertheless stood for the retention of private enterprise for small and medium economic units, and put strong emphasis on the maintenance of civil liberties. This encourages us to believe that France has both the will and the capacity to stage a come-back as a political democracy.

III

The Communists, despite the most skillful propaganda exploiting all the factors in their favor — the prestige of the Red Army, their own prestige in the Resistance, and the ills of inflation — were unable to gather more than 26 per cent of the total vote. Of the 5,004,121 French men and women who sent 145 Communists to the Constituent Assembly, only 2,321,000 voted the straight Communist Party ticket. The majority of the Communist vote, 2,700,000, was not obtained under the Party label, but came rather from various Communist-controlled resistance groups, which

entered the elections under such confusing titles as "United Resistance Movement" or the "Front National."

The Socialists polled 4,788,578 votes (about 216,000 less than the Communists) which entitled them to 138 seats. But out of this over-all vote, 3,427,810 went to the straight Socialist Party ticket — about 1,100,000 more than was obtained by the straight Communist Party ticket.

The Communists nevertheless remain a most important factor. Should the two democratic parties, the Socialists and the Popular Republicans, fail to work together and to check inflation, the Communists will certainly make political capital of the situation. To seize power, however, they will have to use other methods than democratic elections.

The Socialists and the Communists have fiddled many identical political and social tunes, but on great moral and philosophical issues they remained fundamentally divided. The Socialists believe in individual freedom, respect the will of the majority, and are determined to carry on the historic French banner of the Rights of Man.

Having, after the 1936 elections, cooperated with the Communists in the prewar *Front Populaire*, the Socialists are still willing to cooperate with them in the Constituent Assembly, but should the Communists ask too high a price, the Socialists can get along without them. There is a new party on the right — the Popular Republican Movement (M.R.P.) — which fought with them and with

the Communists in the Resistance, and which subscribes to many of the "structural reforms."

The Popular Republican Movement polled, in France proper, 4,500,000 votes, the greatest number of any single political party, and sent a total of 145 deputies to the Assembly. With the Socialists, it wants to carry on the fight for the Rights of Man. But it adds to the "structural reforms" and to the Rights of Man something important of its own — Spiritual Rebirth. The Popular Republicans believe that Christian principles are "the best model for human conduct yet evolved" and dare to proclaim it. Among Anglo-Saxon nations, this statement of faith contains nothing new or startling. But it is a revolutionary concept for a French political party of the left. To Americans, the Popular Republicans seem revolutionary by their social and economic program of state control. To the French, they seem "revolutionary" by their political and religious philosophy.

The French Third Republic inherited the historic conflict between the French Revolution and the Catholic Church — a tragic source of discord in a country with an overwhelmingly Catholic population. It resulted in the separation of the Church from the State in 1905. In the smallest village of France, the school teacher and the parish priest have represented opposite poles of political and social ideologies.

But the Church never gave up hope. It helped to organize Christian

trade-unions. It came closer to the working masses than did the anti-clerical "liberal" parties of the middle classes such as the Radical-Socialists.

The active participation in the Resistance of the parish priests and the Christian trade-unions paved the way for the amazing success of the Popular Republicans. Starting as a political and spiritual movement in the Resistance, the Popular Republicans offered to the French, for the first time in their history, an opportunity to vote simultaneously for Joan of Arc — standard-bearer of French Nationalism, taken over by the Church — and for the Jacobin principles of the French Revolution. A bridge between the Church and the Republic, this party appealed to many French women, who, voting for the first time, wanted both a thorough sweep of the Third Republic and recognition of the Church's spiritual leadership.

In a predominantly Catholic land, the Popular Republicans have, naturally, a predominant Catholic following. But they regard themselves as a non-sectarian movement of Christian or, even still broader, religious citizens, who reject Marxist materialism but accept certain Socialist theories as the political expression of their religious principles. The political potentialities of the Popular Republicans can perhaps be best judged by the Communist reaction. Communists, more fearful of this new party than of the Socialists, describe it as a Trojan horse loaded with "Catholic-Fascists."

It is, certainly, a most encouraging portent for the future of democracy in France, as well as in other European countries which have looked to France for spiritual leadership, that a politico-religious movement, determined to achieve social justice through the spiritual revival of a nation, could attain such sensational prominence almost overnight.

If France is to achieve national and moral rehabilitation, Socialists and Popular Republicans must agree, with or without the Communists.

IV

Of all the urgent problems facing France, that of population is the most important in the long run. The rate of growth of the French population, which even before the war was the lowest in Europe, has now vanished completely. In 1943, civilian deaths over births was 20,295; in 1944 it was 107,972. France, the most populous European country in the early eighteenth century, was passed by Russia a few decades later, by Germany about 1870, by Britain about 1900, and by Italy about 1930. Her 1940 population of 41.2 million is expected to fall to 36.9 million in 1970 unless desperate measures, on which French leaders are already feverishly working, block the present rate of decrease.

Coal is the key to France's economic recovery. She imported, before the war, one-third of her coal, over half of her coke, and practically all of her oil. But she produced almost 90 per

cent of her wheat consumption, and has sufficient steel. Once she succeeds in raising coal production, she will be able to get back on her feet economically, provided she succeeds in checking inflation and reestablishing a sound and stable currency.

Economically, France is a "good risk." Twice she recovered very quickly — after the wars of 1870-1871 and 1914-1918. She has a good chance of recovering from this war too. Politically, the rising strength of the Popular Republicans attests to the ability of the French Fourth Republic to produce the new and vigorous democratic leadership vitally necessary for France's revival.

As for de Gaulle, Americans have no reason to distrust him so long as he has the confidence of such unquestionably democratic parties as the French Socialists and Popular Republicans.

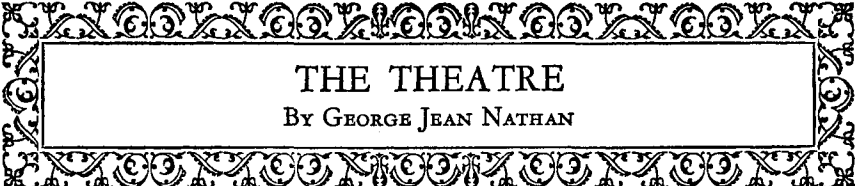
And it would help the French people to know that both the American government and the American people will applaud the rebirth of a strong and politically sound France. Many Frenchmen have suspected otherwise during the last three years. The cold shoulder which the Roosevelt administration turned toward de Gaulle for so long evoked considerable distrust of America, but our error in miscalculating the efforts of the Free French movement was an honest one. We had no desire either to hamper de Gaulle, or to impose upon France a puppet regime "friendly" to the United States.

General de Gaulle himself realized

this. On his second visit to the United States, in August 1945, he publicly recognized the necessity for France to follow American leadership. This is, indeed, the *only* foreign leadership which France is today willing to accept.

In December 1944, France signed a military alliance with the Soviet Union in order to insure herself against Germany. But to assure her own revival and to obtain over-all military protection she is looking westward. There she first meets England. But she knows that England's assistance, which is assured to her whether or not it is confirmed by diplomatic treaty, can have full value only if England is backed by the United States. For this reason, France would like to deal with the United States directly, without Britain as intermediary. Geographically a continental halfway-house between the United States and the Soviet Union, France feels that she may become, for a Europe in search of a new equilibrium, a political and social halfway-house more important even than Laborite England.

France is looking for a new democratic formula to resolve not only her own social and economic ills but also those of other European peoples. The survival of democracy in Europe depends upon her success. It is, therefore, to the interest of America that the voice of France — even if she speaks the language of democracy with an unfamiliar economic accent — becomes strong enough to resound throughout Europe.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Drama With Cow-Bells

THE question as to the critical merit of propaganda in drama once again this season has climbed atop its own soap-box and has lifted its dual voice with more of its customary eloquence, and still more of its customary vehemence. The arguments pro and con have mainly followed the established patterns. The pros have had at the cons with the familiar retort that most drama is propaganda of one sort or another, however the propaganda be concealed or unrecognized as such, and that there is no more sound reason against its presence than against the stage's electrical equipment's, which similarly sheds a valuable light on things. The cons in turn have had at the pros with the equally familiar thrust that propaganda, or what is theatrically defined as such, has no place in any play that pretends even faintly to dramatic art, and that its proper place is elsewhere, if indeed [*business of being loftily cynical*] anywhere at all.

While one is privileged to doubt whether there are two sides to every question, since a contrary belief would be hospitable to anyone who maintained that the earth was flat and that the Martini cocktail is a wonderful appetizer, there may be two to the

question at issue, though it is to be suspected that one considerably outweighs the other.

When the talk is of propaganda, one takes it to mean not advocacy of those elements in private and personal life with which the pros seek cagily to camouflage their argument, but advocacy of elements in public, national and international life. And by advocacy is meant in turn, very plainly, not soft persuasion, not insinuation, and not suggestion arising naturally out of the drama itself but rather largely independent insistence, exhortation and even command. The difference is that between a playwright who proves his plea, whatever it may be, for his drama instead of permitting his drama to prove it for him. And the further difference is that between a green traffic light which automatically indicates progress and a traffic cop who accompanies it with a loud, peremptory "Go!"

II

Propaganda as we get it in the contemporary drama is that traffic cop, usually further equipped with a shrill whistle.

More than anything else it is this

traffic cop in drama that has undone many of our modern American playwrights and much of our modern American playwriting. It has undone the better men and women along with the poorer; the wet rain has fallen on the just and the unjust alike. It has taken its grim toll of a Behrman, who began as a meritorious writer of serious comedy and who has vitiated his plays by injections of so much propaganda for one cause or another that they have become, like *The Talley Method* and, most lately, *Dunnigan's Daughter*, indistinguishable from stages peopled by companies composed entirely of Mike Golds and their girls, with their faces made up. As Jay Carmody, critic for the Washington *Star*, aptly noted in regard to the latter play:

Behrman labors prodigiously to catapult the masses out of what is wrong with them; he whacks them with more words than thirty-six old-fashioned anarchists, but all he contrives to say is: "People on the wrong side of the railroad track, unite!" Behrman's, sad to relate, is accordingly less likely to be the voice to lead the people out of soot and earshot of screeching locomotives than one to keep them out of the theatre.

This, and properly, of a playwright who, before the spirochetes of propaganda poisoned his blood stream, wrote in *The Second Man*, *Rain From Heaven*, et al., some of the most deserving plays of our theatre.

Robert E. Sherwood is another. More and more his plays seem to be long less on the stage of a theatre than

on a radio political broadcast. And more and more his particular case indicates the personal and, in a manner of speaking, even artistic confusion into which his passion for propaganda has thrown him. He has, under its spell, been turned into a squirrel frantically dashing hither and thither in a rapidly rotating world cage and falling embarrassingly upon his tail. In *Idiot's Delight*, he heatedly argued the imbecility of wars, only a few years later to find himself with the turn of events just as heatedly arguing for the holy justice of wars. In *There Shall Be No Night*, he subsequently cursed the Russians as bloody knaves and villains for their invasion of innocent Finland, only a short time later with still another turn of events to hail them as glorious Allies on the score of an identical invasion. That even he himself is conscious of his identity with *genus Sciurus* is to be appreciated from his apologia in connection with his latest exhibit, *The Rugged Path*. "It was," he states,

written as an immediate postwar play and the idea is this: in our moment of triumph don't let us forget how wrong we [Ed. note: "Where do you get that *we* stuff?" as the banana retorted while floating down the Mississippi] were at one stage of the game.

Lillian Hellman, in *The Searching Wind*, which was partly foreshadowed by her *Watch On The Rhine*, became so confusedly involved in foreign-relations propaganda that the play, what with its mechanically incorporated love element, gave the impression of Clare Boothe Luce and Helen

Gahagan Douglas sitting hand-in-hand on the steps of the State Département patiently waiting for Philander C. Knox to come out. And Maxwell Anderson's later efforts, with their Democracy hoopedoodle, have proved to be little more than Benjamin Harrison torchlight processions, in blank verse.

Propaganda wears a variety of literary shirts. In the plays of the John Howard Lawson-Clifford Odets-Edward Chodorov coterie, it wears one wide open at the neck ostentatiously to reveal the hair on the chest and that matches the choler of its wearers' faces with its own shade of red. In the plays of the Sherwood-Anderson set, it wears one of less violent shade tucked somewhat more fastidiously into the trousers, but popping its buttons nonetheless under its wearers' heavy breathing. In the plays of others, it even affects a necktie and parades the stage with an air of *sang-froid*, but, unable presently to stand the modish strain, tugs open its collar and lets go, with the Adam's apple in the nude.

And in all cases, it is evident that the shirt, under the contemporary dramatic dispensation, is studiously unlaundered in the interest of proletarian fashion.

III

There are, however, signs and tokens that this propaganda drama is slowly on the way out, which augurs well for the future. Though many of the older,

established playwrights are still partial toward it, the more talented of the newer lot now and then seem to be willing to disregard it. And there are renegades, too, among even the older theatrical figures.

Consider, for example, one like Harold Clurman, whose Group Theatre was the hotbed of such drama. Turning turtle, Clurman now expresses himself thus:

I, for one, am tired of hearing about plays of social significance, although heaven knows I've been associated with them. I think the qualifying phrase should be "human significance." The word "social" has come to have about it a cachet of obnoxious urgency. It puts a curse on a play now to have it known as "socially significant." A smart author nowadays keeps his significances under wraps and is more concerned that his play should be known as "good theatre." The stage, I think, must get away from dealing in tracts.

Dramaturgy must again, in short, if it would be successful with audiences, abandon the iron fist and return to diplomacy.

Set, ringing speeches, the penchant of the propaganda dramatist, must further give way to insinuation and to a play's natural, easy flow. No longer does an audience respond to one like this, for example, in Irwin Shaw's late *The Assassin*:

The essential thing is quality. The quality . . . of a man's soul. Politics changes. We must trust the quality of a man rather than the color of his politics. Today that's our only hope. If you would only fight beside Communists, and I would only fight beside Left Republicans, and young De Mauny would only fight beside Monarch-

ists, France would be dead once and for all. But I believe that, deep down, under all the differences, we are good men and that we can operate for good ends. That's why, in spite of Marcel Vespéry (Admiral Darlan), I believe in the Americans. They are good people. That does not mean that I will not wrestle with them to change their politics and criticize you to change yours, but somewhere we have a foundation I believe in. Somehow, we all believe in the human race, that it deserves to live on the earth, and that there is hope it will learn how to live on the earth. As for De Mauny, I find his politics unrealistic. But his quality magnificent!

What persuades an audience more greatly is much the same idea allowed casually, like the fragment of a tune softly hummed in the mind, to filter through a Saroyan's *The Time Of Your Life*.

No longer, as well, is an audience receptive, in a Tennessee Williams' *You Touched Me!*, to an Army aviator's extended diatribe on the future of too placid mankind, as was duly discovered shortly after the play opened and resulted in the amputation of the harangue.

An audience clearly demonstrates its preference for a Tennessee Williams in the less didactic mood of a *The Glass Menagerie* and for a drunk's simply integrated,

Yes, movies! Look at them — all those glamorous people having adventures, gobbling the whole thing up! You know what happens? People go to the *movies* instead of *moving*. Hollywood characters are supposed to have all the adventure for everybody in America, while everybody in America sits in a dark room and watches them have them . . .

The newer dramaturgical injunction seems to be that when propaganda-wise you call something a son-of-a-bitch you had best smile.

IV

It may be true that, in other directions, a soft answer turneth away wrath, but in the propaganda theatre it rather induces it, and much more auspiciously than one couched, as the propaganda playwrights customarily couch it, in thunder claps. An audience's indignation, left dormant by an excess of the playwright's own, better responds to and flourishes on whispers, hints, and adumbrations. The wrath of a Holmes-Lawrence *If This Be Treason* thus exercises nothing of the anti-war appeal exercised by the sardonic humor of a *Lysistrata*, and all the propaganda fury of a Toller's *No More Peace!*, a Shaw's *Bury The Dead*, and a Sherwood's *The Rugged Path* fails to achieve half the effect that a gently ironic *The Good Soldier Schweik* does. The pro-Semitic violence of a Rice's *Flight To The West* gets nowhere, whereas the mild persuasion of a Schnitzler's *Professor Bernhardt* or of a Franken's *Outrageous Fortune* measurably prospers.

And so with most propaganda plays. The yells and shouts against dictators in a Rice's *Judgment Day* deafen reaction, whereas the implications of a Capek's *Power And Glory* stimulate it. The screams and gesticulations against Fascism in an Odets' *Till The Day I Die* or a Reade's *The Shatter'd Lamp*

are unavailing against the delicate innuendos of a Behrman's early *Rain From Heaven*. The howls and screeches in behalf of Labor in an Odets' *Waiting For Lefty* and a Sklar-Peters *Stevedore* die on the wind, but the calm of a Galsworthy's *Strife* blows warmth into the mind. And the *Deep Are The Roots* and *Mulattoes* probably in the end are of less value to sympa-

thetic consideration of the Negro problem than a play like *The Green Pastures*.

The relatively most eloquent defense of democracy is not to be found on the soap-boxes of the Sherwoods, the Andersons and the Rices, but in a couple of gay musical shows by George Kaufman and Co. called *Of Thee I Sing* and *I'd Rather Be Right*.



DEFIANCE

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

Blow down, you northern winds, blow down
And wrap the world in winter's gown.
Repeat your scoffing in our ears.
We are too brave to heed your jeers.
Fling out your icy whips of sleet;
Come lash us to a tree and beat
Us down; or bury us beneath your snows.
We'll still hold dear the daffodil and rose!

ADVANCE IN PENICILLIN THERAPY

BY LEONA ALBERTS WASSERSUG

IN a small room in a research laboratory somewhere in England two men recently sat, casually thumbing the pages of a magazine. Yet, these idle-appearing men were, at that same moment, actually engaged in a bold experiment that may revolutionize medical practice, for as they sat and read, an electrical vaporizer was spraying the air about them with a barely visible mist of penicillin.

The researchers were Drs. F. A. Knott and W. H. Clark, whose immediate problem was to determine whether penicillin could be inhaled in effective amounts without the necessity of masks or gadgets. That was the first part of their investigation. The second and more important part was to discover whether the penicillin that was drawn into their lungs would find its way into the bloodstream. Penicillin inhaled into the lungs might prove beneficial in the treatment of some lung infections, such as pneumonia; penicillin in the blood would be invaluable for many more diseases.

The room in which the two British scientists were conducting their ex-

periments was about the size of a large living-room and its doors and windows were shut tight to prevent air leaks. Their electrical penicillin-spraying generator stood four and one-half feet above the floor and it was placed about six feet from where the scientists were sitting. It was so adjusted that, within an hour, it could dispense about an ounce of penicillin solution as a fine fog or "aerosol."

For fifteen minutes the researchers sat around, breathing in the penicillin-laden air. It had a faint cheesy odor, not exactly pleasant, but not distasteful or irritating to the nose and throat.

Now, to determine whether penicillin had actually entered the body by way of the lungs, tests were done almost immediately on the blood and urine. These tests proved beyond doubt that measurable amounts of penicillin were absorbed by the lungs and rapidly appeared in the body fluids. The significance of this discovery was apparent at once to the researchers.

"The possible clinical applications of aerially distributed inspired peni-

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icillin appear to be numerous," say Drs. Knott and Clark. "In a room of a small ward of, say, 4000-5000 cubic feet several adults and even more children could be treated at the same time without disturbing them in any way — even while they slept." If penicillin-inhalation techniques can be further developed and perfected, they can conceivably be applied to medical wards, surgical operating rooms, and even to crowded, congested places such as movie theatres.

Though penicillin inhalations, as applied by mask or breathing tube to a single individual, had been suggested months earlier by other investigators, Drs. Knott and Clark were the first to demonstrate that it could be administered on a mass basis.

Penicillin aerosols are finding their greatest use in the treatment of diseases of the respiratory system. In a recent medical article by Dr. Alvan L. Barach and his group at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, experiments with penicillin aerosol in the treatment of asthma, bronchitis, bronchiectasis and other pulmonary diseases are reported. Of twenty patients treated, improvement was "marked" in five, "moderate" in ten. It was found that the patients could readily inhale as much as 50,000 units of penicillin five times daily without any evidence of irritation to the throat or lungs.

In Boston, at the New England Deaconess Hospital, Dr. Richard H. Overholt, leading chest surgeon, uses the same aerosols on patients with

bronchiectasis for whom operative removal of a lung (or portion of a lung) is planned. Penicillin inhaled directly into the diseased organ reduces the amount of infection, lessens the cough and sputum, makes the subsequent operation safer, and reduces post-operative complications. Penicillin is thus a valuable adjunct in the surgical management of these cases even when it cannot, by itself, accomplish cure.

II

Inhalation of penicillin mists for the treatment of disease climaxes a long series of experiments with aerosols of various sorts. Although doctors, for generations, had prescribed medicinal "smokes" for such chest ailments as asthma and bronchitis, the scientific development of "inhalation therapy" really began just about ten years ago. At that time, Dr. A. H. Rowe and Dr. James B. Graesser of Oakland, California, began making tests with adrenalin to see if it could be administered by inhalation, instead of by needle, in cases of asthma.

After experimenting with many different adrenalin samples of various strengths, they proved that if adrenalin solutions were prepared in a concentration ten times greater than that usually given by injection, excellent results were almost invariably obtained. Their clinical results, which Dr. J. B. Graesser reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in April 1939, were regarded as "excellent" in all but one of eigh-

teen patients with asthma. But even in this one exceptional case, "moderate" improvement in the asthmatic condition was obtained.

This research with adrenalin inhalations was the first important step. The second advance came a short time later — and from the Mayo Foundation. Here, a group of workers headed by Dr. Walter M. Boothby perfected methods for administering 100 per cent oxygen in cases of surgical shock, postoperative abdominal distention, some types of headaches and many diseases of the heart and lungs. Oxygen is hardly ever thought of as a "medicine" but in these and other disorders it was found to bring prompt and effective relief.

While these experiments were going on, additional tests were being made with another gas — helium. The advantages of the physical properties of this gas, its light weight and ready diffusibility, had been recognized by physicists for some time. Back as far as 1923, Charles Cooke obtained a patent for helium to be used in conjunction with oxygen for deep-sea divers. Helium, being an extremely light gas, easily passes down air-lines to the divers, taking a definite amount of oxygen along with it. A mixture of helium and oxygen actually moves faster and diffuses more readily than does oxygen alone.

It remained for Dr. Alvan L. Barach of the Department of Medicine of Columbia University, however, to apply this helium principle successfully to the treatment of disease. For the

past ten years, Dr. Barach and his co-workers have made innumerable experiments on animals and on human subjects. They have established the helium concentrations that are most suitable for human use and have perfected masks and other equipment for its administration. Today, inhalation of oxygen-helium mixtures is being used with uniform success in such diseases as bronchial asthma, some types of pneumonia, gas poisoning and other obstructive conditions within the bronchial tubes.

III

One of the most important of the newer aerosols is sulfathiazole "smoke." According to Dr. Charles C. Chapple and his collaborators at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, sulfathiazole "smoke" can be made by taking some sulfathiazole microcrystals, dissolving them in just the right amount of water, and then putting the solution into a suitable atomizer so that it can be dispersed as a cloud-like spray. Ordinary vaporizers or atomizers are not satisfactory since the droplets that they discharge into the air are too large, condense quickly, and fall rapidly to the ground. With the right kind of equipment, smoke much like that from a cigarette can be created. As a matter of fact, Dr. Chapple's present apparatus shoots dry particles into the air which are so tiny that they can be measured in units of a millionth of an inch.

Sulfa aerosols are not just the foolish

play-toys of a dreamy scientist. On the contrary, they are a practical weapon for the treatment of respiratory disease. This point can be proved experimentally in the laboratory as well as clinically at the sickbed. Mice, for instance, can be infected with pneumonia by making them inhale influenza virus to lower their resistance and then spraying some pneumococci at them. If a group of mice are infected with this combination of disease germs, 70 to 80 per cent of them will fall sick in a few days and die of pneumonia.

But if the cages of these animals are first filled with sulfa smoke before spraying them with the deadly pneumonia germs, the subsequent pneumonia can be almost entirely prevented. Instead of 80 per cent of the mice dying, only 10 per cent are stricken. Even examinations of the lungs of the animals under the microscope fail to disclose any signs whatsoever of pneumonia in 60 per cent of the mice. These experiments, state the Pennsylvania investigators, "have shown that the inhalation of sulfathiazole smoke can strikingly reduce the mortality of secondary pneumonia induced by a state of decreased resistance to the pneumococcus."

Shortly after these animal tests were concluded, Dr. Chapple and his assistant, Helen M. Lynch, made some cautious attempts to apply these aerosol experiments to human medicine. About 100 persons "with various bacterial infections of the upper respiratory tract" were given treat-

ments with sulfa aerosols. These tests demonstrated, among other things, that sulfa smokes were reasonably safe since not a single case showed any evidence of an allergic or "drug reaction." Secondly, many of the patients, especially those whose throats had been sore, commented that the sulfa mist had a pain-relieving, soothing action that lasted for two or three hours. Besides, and most important, the thick and purulent nasal discharges cleared promptly and the duration of all symptoms appeared to be shortened under aerosol treatment.

Today, sulfa smokes are used not only for the treatment of bacterial infections of the *upper* respiratory tract, but also for those of the *lower* tract — the bronchial tubes and lungs. For example, at the Gorgas Hospital in the Canal Zone, Dr. Irving L. Applebaum gives chronic bronchitis patients inhalation treatments with a 5 per cent solution of sodium sulfathiazole. The patients are instructed to hold the nozzle of the atomizer or "nebulizer" between their teeth and breathe with their mouths open for a period of twenty minutes. The nebulizer is connected to an oxygen tank and, as they inhale (as they would a cigarette), they draw a fine sulfathiazole vapor directly down into their lungs. These treatments are administered three times a day and are continued for a period of about ten consecutive days.

Improvement cannot be expected to take place in every patient so

treated. If the bronchial disease is due to allergy, and not to infection with germs, the sulfas bring no benefit. If, too, the chest disorder is caused by a germ *not* susceptible to the sulfas, then the smoke treatments will also fail. But, in most instances — 86 per cent according to Dr. Applebaum's figures — the treatments bring relief from cough, decrease in the amount of sputum, and other clinical evidence of improvement. By inhaling the smoke, the sulfathiazole is drawn deep within the bronchial tubes where the germs are situated and where its bactericidal action can be exerted to greatest advantage.

Especially in diseases such as bronchiectasis — a lung condition characterized by chronic cough, sputum, and puddling of secretions within the bronchial tubes — inhalation of sulfa aerosols may alleviate distressing symptoms that fail to respond to the usual medical treatment. Of five such cases reported not long ago by Dr. John W. Stacey, the response was dramatic in three, less marked in the other two. Take, for example, the case of the thirty-three-year-old man who, after a successful pneumothorax operation for tuberculosis, still continued to cough and raise large quantities of sputum because of a complicating bronchiectasis.

Doctor Stacey started this man on sodium sulfathiazole nebulization therapy and the treatments were continued daily for a period of three weeks. At the end of that time, the cough and expectoration had disap-

peared entirely. Six months later, when Dr. Stacey made his report, there had been no recurrence of symptoms and the patient's general condition was excellent. An interesting sidelight on these cases is the fact that occasionally a patient who cannot take sulfa drugs by mouth can tolerate them satisfactorily by inhalation.

IV

Aerosols are employed not only in the *treatment* of disease but also — and more important — in disease *prevention*. Although the research of French and British scientists antedated American experiments on the sterilization of air with aerosols, most of the investigations along these lines during recent years have been conducted by Dr. O. H. Robertson and his co-workers at the University of Chicago. A great many compounds have been subjected to laboratory scrutiny to determine their worth as air sterilizers. The most thoroughly studied are triethylene glycol and propylene glycol — chemical cousins to ordinary radiator anti-freeze solution.

These glycols are so effective in blasting disease germs right out of the air that even in the fantastic dilution of one part in two to four million parts of air they can annihilate air-borne pathogenic microbes completely and rapidly. As important as their germicidal activity is their lack of toxicity. Innumerable experi-

ments on man and animals reveal that even the strongest concentrations can be inhaled without irritation or damage to the respiratory system.

Since many of man's most common ailments, including such diseases as measles, chicken pox, streptococcal infections and the common cold, are caused by air-borne germs or viruses, sterilization of the air has tremendous practical significance. Air filled with the micro-organisms of pneumonia, scarlet fever, influenza, whooping cough and other diseases can be quickly made pure and safe by means of glycol aerosols. Laboratory and clinical experiments have repeatedly proved that these compounds are remarkably effective germ-killers.

At Northwestern University doctors and engineers have collaborated to demonstrate the feasibility of "large space" sterilization. At the Northwestern Technological Institute, they have a special air-conditioned room used for ventilating research. This room is thirty-eight feet long, seventeen feet wide and sixteen feet high. Here Dr. Edward Bigg, an internist, Burgess H. Jennings, a professor of mechanical engineering, and Dr. Sherman Fried, a research engineer, pooled their technical resources and subjected glycol aerosols to the gamut of rigid, scientific tests. Definite proof was obtained that sterilization of the air in this room was "readily obtainable" and that "bactericidal activity occurs in large spaces as well as small test chambers."

In the wards of a children's con-

vallescent home, Dr. T. N. Harris and Dr. J. Stokes, Jr., compared the incidence of respiratory disease with that occurring in another ward where glycol sprays were used. Where there was no aerosol protection, 100 cases of infection were discovered; where the glycol aerial "cover" was adequate, there were only five cases. Laboratory tests, too, showed that the glycols had reduced the number of air-borne bacteria 97 per cent. "Mastery of the air" is thus as important in the hospital ward as it is on the battlefield.

In the Army Medical Department the prevention of air-borne disease has been a major objective. It was natural, therefore, for the Commission on Air-Borne Infection to carry out its own studies on glycol sterilization, especially from the standpoint of its effectiveness against streptococcal disease (scarlet fever, sore throats, wound infections) in army hospital wards. These tests proved that the numbers of streptococci in the air could be tremendously reduced by triethylene aerosol. Besides, if lint and dust control was carried out at the same time, the air could be rendered almost entirely free of all disease germs. If a wartime epidemic should ever strike again, glycol aerosols might aid in controlling its spread.

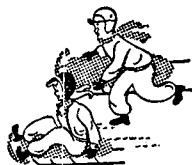
The air which we breathe is the common reservoir of life -- and of man's most deadly microbes. Now the air-route used by germs for invading our bodies can also be utilized for the safe and convenient administration of potent microbe-killers.

Rheumatic fever can be beaten!



Though it tries to harm the

hearts of growing boys and



girls, serious damage may be avoided

if the disease is recognized in time.

Put your child to bed  if he has

persistent low fever, pain in joints or

muscles, or continued loss of weight

and  appetite. Then have your

physician examine him!



If the disease attacks your child . . .

. . . **make sure** the doctor's orders are followed. He should stay under a doctor's care until *all* signs—including laboratory tests—show that no vestige of the attack remains.

Unfortunately, rheumatic fever may recur. After convalescence, therefore, be specially careful to guard your child against wet feet and chills.

Try to avoid exposing him to people with "sore throats" and colds. For recurrence may be brought on by these and other mild illnesses, such as grippe and certain respiratory infections.

Sometimes rheumatic *heart disease* may be present although there has been

no previous record of a rheumatic *fever* attack.

The only way to discover this condition—and to prevent serious heart damage—is by periodic physical examination.

Rheumatic fever, itself, causes more fatalities among school-age children than any other disease. The way to combat this tragic toll is to maintain youngsters in the best possible condition by proper diet, rest, healthy exercise, and *regular medical supervision.*

To learn more about combating the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 26-L, "Rheumatic Fever."

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR GIs ABROAD?

By JAMES FINUCANE

Two French girls on the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Express were trying to figure out the Yanks. They had just been to Marseille to say good-bye to a homeward-bound American soldier.

"He's gone," sighed the blonde, nestling a snapshot of the GI to her cheek. "And I thought we were going to stay together always."

Her dark-haired friend consoled her. "He probably had to go. You know how it is in the Army."

"Besides," the dark one added reflectively, "the Americans are nice. When I scold them for getting fresh with me, they just laugh."

Not so indulgent in their judgments of GIs are other Europeans who have been observing our troops since V-E Day. Many have come to the conclusion that the Americans are definitely "not nice," because:

They whistle at the girls, drive their jeeps too fast, loot in conquered countries, "borrow" in liberated ones, cheat on the black market, think any girl is willing to discuss "how much?", jilt most of the girls they get serious

with, don't get serious with enough, call mademoiselles *Fräulein*, and vice versa.

They refuse to share international hatreds, delay the "coming revolution." Bitter after years of exile from their own America, they display contempt for civilians, refuse to learn the language of the land, and hole up in American Red Cross clubs, coming out only to drink and gamble, which they do to excess, and to attend local dances at which they insist on jitter-bugging or not dancing at all.

They are arrogant in carrying out orders. "No paper! No admission!" They occupy too many hotels, aggravate the housing shortage, brag too much about America, remind the liberated who liberated them, treat the German PWs too well, steal civilians' girls and get too much pay.

This is not a balanced account of the situation; it is frankly one-sided, giving the Europeans' negative view of their American "guests" and conquerors. Their positive views have been frequently expressed elsewhere.

As a guide to the improvement of

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the GIs' conduct, it might have a bearing on the success of our future diplomacy with the countries in which they are stationed. Even after July 1946, when demobilization will be complete according to War Department schedules, there will still be 840,000 GIs scattered around the globe on various duties.

At times now you can feel the chill of dislike in Europeans' eyes. Barroom brawls break out with little immediate provocation in Paris. American commanders of isolated units find it necessary to allow their men to carry loaded arms again in allied Czechoslovakia.

Take the girl question. In Czechoslovakia, where there are plenty of civilian men, we have held dances to which only GIs and Czech girls were invited. This left the Czech men standing out in the cold. In France we have cut in on French soldiers and civilians because we have more money, better clothing, jeeps, as well as plenty of coffee, chocolate and cigarettes. Some Frenchmen take it so seriously that they threaten to cut the girls' hair if they go out with Yanks.

In Belgium certain leave towns had to be put off-limits to American troops because a girl could not bicycle down the street unmolested.

Our attitude toward the French women has been based on legends of the "Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous" variety brought home by veterans of World War I. To add that the stories are not descriptive of the average

French woman would be superfluous if it were not so painfully necessary.

A GI jeeping along the Rue Paradis in Marseille after dark leans out of the back seat to inquire of each girl passed on the sidewalk: "How much, baby?" And the Rue Paradis is *not* in a red-light district.

French girls look with a skeptical eye at all Americans who approach them. ("Wolf" is what they're thinking, but they have a less pleasant word for it.) It's not surprising to hear a French girl ask seriously, "Why are the Americans so much less moral than the French?"

Americans who can speak French are occasionally asked by French girls to translate letters written in English by departed GIs. The girls are uniformly disappointed by the contents. That wedding and the trip to New York were just sales talk.

Jacquette, who lives near the American military cemetery at Draguignan goes periodically to read the names on the markers over new graves there. Bodies are still being brought in from distant battlefields. Her American lover went to the front with his tank unit last year, never wrote and never came back. She can't bear to think that he is still alive, unfaithful.

To start with, there is a percentage of GI romances which the GI intends to be nothing more than a hand-holding deal or a "shack-up." These affairs the elders criticize as trifling with their daughters' affections. If the soldier does want to marry the girl, he runs into a wall of obstructive Army

red tape. "No," is the general Army policy. In 40 per cent of the GI marriages approved by the chaplain's office of the Oise Intermediate Section, whose headquarters is in Paris, the bride is already pregnant. This does not flatter the girls.

In Germany marriages are forbidden. Period!

In southern France, even though an American Negro soldier has made a white French girl pregnant, which happens frequently, he cannot get Army approval to marry her. The most he can do is to sign a Certificate of Paternity, conferring his name on the child and obligating himself to support it.

II

Americans condemn Europeans for dealing in the black market; yet they supply it themselves. The cigarettes, which an American buys at 50 cents a carton in his PX, he resells for \$8 a carton in LeHavre, \$14 a carton in Marseille, or \$25 in Berlin. And sometimes, it is charged, he has sold the carton empty, except for a stuffing of old newspapers.

Russian soldiers, eager to buy watches, are well taken care of by the sharp-trading Yanks. To the uncritical eyes of Ivan one watch is as good as another, but he prefers them with jewels. And he'll pay as high as \$500 for one he likes.

"Could I borrow your nail polish?" a GI asked a Red Cross worker at the information desk in Berlin.

"Certainly," she said, reaching for her pocketbook, "but what do you want it for?"

"I'll show you." The GI opened the back of a dollar watch and put seventeen ruby-red drops inside the case.

"The Russians like plenty of jewels," he smiled.

In all the side streets of Europe's needy cities, the black market operators approach the Yanks.

"Beez-ness, Joe?" they ask. "Fifteen dollars for your shirt? Ten dollars for your pants? Twenty-five dollars for your shoes? Three dollars for a K-ration?" Such constant temptations are a severe test of the American character, at a time when the plentitude of supplies made surplus by the end of fighting, and the post-victory relaxation in Army discipline, have lessened normal restraints.

Those who do go into the black market can get rich quick. "The defense workers got rich back home while I was fighting," they'll say in justification. Or, "Why shouldn't I sell my shirt? We used to fire away those shells at \$75 a round, didn't we?" Or, "Besides, prices are too high here. I can't live on my Army pay." Cognac costs as much as a dollar a shot; beer, 20 cents a glass. A shoe-shine is 40 cents.

American MPs conduct street searches of GIs now and then. If a GI has more than one pack of cigarettes, they take them away from him. If he is wearing two shirts, they suspect rather strongly that he is on his way to sell one of them.

In Switzerland, a few days after it was opened to GI tourists, the police found it necessary to warn their people against dealing in GI property. American shoes or clothing would be confiscated and turned over to the American legation, they announced.

Not able to take home all they make in the black market, Americans don't care if they have to spend as much as \$50 a night for the favors of a favorite mistress. "How can we compete in that market?" the \$100-a-month Frenchman complains.

A French soldier drawing a base pay of 180 francs a month can't help envying the American with his base pay of 3,000 francs a month, plus an outright bonus of 850 francs a month from the French government. It is useless to try to assuage the envy and disappointment of our uniformed ally, who rightfully protests, "We risked the same dangers, fought for the same cause, didn't we?"

While foodless, fuel-less civilians have looked on, surplus Army food was incinerated on open dumps with gasoline brought from the United States. Even with the destruction, Americans have had enough left over for fraternizing bait.

Commanders may say that this food was destroyed as a "military necessity," a phrase used to excuse certain actions in wartime, which has continued as the basic occupation philosophy since V-E Day. It is expressed to the Europeans as *Scram!*, *Heraus!*, or *Partez!*

Behind this callous frame of mind

is the bitterness and frustration bred of two or more years of exile from America and home; three or four years of indoctrination in the disregard of the human element in dealing with people; and the common military attitude that civilians rate considerably less than buck privates.

Coming ashore on D-Day, American troops were warned of French civilians. "They may be collaborators!" Belgians, Dutch and Czechs were also made suspect. The Germans, in and out of uniform, were hardly to be considered human.

Little has been done about hoodlums, liberated from forced labor, who raid German homes and commit other depredations. Too often complainants in these cases have been told to "go see the *Burgermeister*," the civilian equivalent of the GI advice to "go see the chaplain."

Knowing that ultimate power rests in the Army — and therefore ultimate responsibility — Europeans recognize this run-around for what it is. They have never heard our apologists explain that the Army was trained for war, not occupation or conciliation.

Natily dressed, well-fed American soldiers in skin-tight Eisenhower jackets, knife-creased pants and lustrous boots, strut along the avenues of convalescent Europe. Crowds of hollow-eyed Buchenwald graduates, tattered-malion local soldiers and war-wounded make way for them on the sidewalks.

A Frenchman coming to Marseille on business may spend his entire first day and night searching for a hotel

room. An American officer arriving the same day may obtain a requisitioned suite by applying at his downtown billeting office. That is what De Gaulle was thinking of when he said he wished the Americans would hasten their withdrawal so that conditions in France could get back to normal. In addition to their hotels, Frenchmen would also like to "re-liberate" their ice plants, warehouses, railroad stations, athletic fields and private estates.

Looting, also known as "liberating," "capturing," "souvenir hunting," "inventorying," "requisitioning," "borrowing," or even "buying," has done nothing to improve the public relations of the GI. Troops first caught the looting habit in ruined billets in France and Belgium, then carried it to a high point of development in Germany where they were billeted in the best of private homes and hotels, with no doors barred.

Standard operating procedure on arrival in a new billet in Germany was to rifle the cupboards and drawers, look under the coal pile and out in the garden for hidden cognac, and pry or break open any locked doors, just in case a time bomb was concealed behind them.

Guns, cameras and binoculars were considered legal loot; towels, clothing or sets of silverware might become, by some GI logic, necessary to operations and thus liberated. Since an oil painting would make a nice souvenir, it was taken over and shipped home "to prevent it from falling into un-

appreciative hands." "Besides," the taker would explain, "the Germans probably stole it from the French."

After Germany, looting became a matter of automatic reflexes. Many a GI couldn't sleep in a house until he had ransacked it. He felt the same compulsion to loot whether he advanced into Czechoslovakia, rested in Belgium, or was redeployed through France.

Because houses in Allied countries could not be looted, some GIs took to "borrowing." In Nyrany, Czechoslovakia, a GI "borrowed" an electric iron. His outfit moved next day, and the iron went, too.

In a village store near Nuernberg a pair of American soldiers judged they were being overcharged for some carved wooden souvenirs. Thirty marks was too much.

"This is enough," they said, laying down twenty marks, then picked up their purchases and walked out.

The storekeeper could only shrug. One doesn't dispute American tactics in Germany these days.

The soldiers mentioned say their commanding officer had authorized them to make their own appraisals in such cases. Earlier, in films shown before the American advance into Germany, American soldiers were instructed, "You come as conquerors. You must be stern, but fair!"

The only thing that relieves the unpleasantness of American occupation for the Germans is their conviction that they would be much worse off under the Russians. And the French,

much as they may take umbrage at American *faux pas*, swear unanimously that they prefer the GIs to the Jerries.

Children like the GIs. They are fond of all soldiers — French, German, or what-have-you. It seems that the common soldier in every army shares his candy and his kindnesses with the children; it is such an easy way to ameliorate the world-sickness that overshadows us all.

III

Jeeps, rated “formidable” by the French, have caught the imagination of the Europeans, just as they did ours. But the Europeans think we drive them too fast.

When the Provost Marshal started a safe driving campaign among GIs in Marseille, one of the city’s daily newspapers hailed it hopefully as a blow against the greatest single factor contributing to the overcrowded condition of the city’s hospitals and cemeteries.

Yank drivers can’t stand pedestrian traffic which in Europe frequently slopes over from the sidewalk onto the street. They’ll dart toward a jay-walker scaring him back onto the sidewalk and half to death.

Army regulations forbid soldiers to pick up civilian hitchhikers. In countries where the public transportation system is still only partly operative, the sight of an empty jeep whirling along breeds resentment among footsore pedestrian travelers at the highway’s edge. These pedes-

trians are quick to note that the Army is quickly forgotten whenever a pretty girl does the hitching.

The Yank who steers his jeep at a civilian is probably one of those zombies who has been overseas too long. “ETO-happy” is the way the GIs describe them themselves. He may wear so many overseas stripes he can’t bend his arm, although at times he is a green replacement who has needed no exile, hardship, or frustration to justify or excuse his naturally bad manners. He wasn’t recruited from a Sunday School. And he has turned out to be no Sunday School soldier.

Mentally, he never left home. To his sick mind a German civilian is a poor, deceitful, fawning and hungry person, completely unexplainable and tricky. A French civilian looks like a German civilian, but is even more objectionable because he is not so well dressed and apt to be more independent. French, German, Czech, Belgian, or Dutch — they all speak a silly mumbo-jumbo; they’re all foreigners, and, as foreigners, are inferior, suspect and repulsively un-American.

Not finding civilians interesting, except for special uses, he won’t try to learn the language. He reads, and claims to disbelieve, *Stars and Stripes*. If he is a mess sergeant, he won’t save the garbage for the neighbors’ pigs. “Too much bother!” If he is company commander, he would rather burn scrap lumber than assume the responsibility of giving it to the shivering civilians for firewood.

In England he day-dreamed of his wife and mooned over the twins, born since his last furlough home. In Germany he ate his heart out at the sight of sun-topped Aryan kids who had been conceived while he was sweating out assault rehearsals before D-Day. Back in France after V-E Day he sat in remote staging areas while empty ships sailed home.

Schooled in non-fraternization's callous calumnies, and finding it appropriate to his own inverted self-pity, he could stolidly ride a tank into the Sudetenland, ignoring the rapturous, upturned faces of liberated, flower-tossing Czechs.

He thinks fate, in the guise of the Army, tricked him and gave him a dirty deal. But he prefers America to any other country. In his limited local contacts he brags about the United States, the wheel-bases and per capita ownership of automobiles, the beauty of American women, the height of the skyscrapers, the invincibility of American arms and the virtues of jitter-bugging. If a native is ungrateful enough to dispute any of these claims, he silences him with the reminder, "We liberated you, didn't we?"

IV

Right after D-Day the GI was followed ashore by all the accoutrements of a made-in-Detroit civilization. And he has kept himself surrounded with them ever since. After finishing *Stars and Stripes*, he fills out his reading diet with the Special

Service editions of ad-less American magazines and Council Books. He sees Special Service showings of American movies, and listens to V-Disc recordings of American music, or the Army Forces radio network.

Tiring of these diversions, he may go downtown to the American Red Cross for American coffee and doughnuts. Or he may venture into a local bar for a glass of Pilsener beer, Hessian *kümmel*, or Provençal *pâtisse*, reminding himself all the time that there is nothing so honestly satisfying as a shot of old-fashioned straight Kentucky whiskey.

Noting the occasional cold glance he gets from a character at the other end of the bar, he piously prays that he won't be the last Yank out of this Godforsaken country. When it is like this, with his power still unquestioned, he does not expect it to be either pleasant or safe for the rear guard. The partisans of the Left say they are waiting for him to leave before they take over. He knows the people still have an estimated 60 per cent of the weapons that were parachuted to them by the Allies before invasion.

The natives he condemns as dirty, forgetting they have no soap; the men he judges lazy, forgetting that the factories have not yet re-opened, and that malnutrition saps physical energy; others he considers inhospitable, forgetting that our Flying Fortresses killed 5,000 civilians in Marseille and 15,000 in LeHavre.

"You have no idea how we have suffered," the Europeans say. And

it is the depth of that suffering that keeps the Czech hating the German. The Czech can't see why the Yanks should do the girls in the German minority in the Sudetenland the honor of going out with them. Nor can he understand why we insist on treating our German prisoners of war so decently.

It is a natural tendency for conquerors to become insufferable and for liberators to wear out their welcome. Even the Germans, professional conquerors during their ascent to Continental dominion, found that out. They tried to sell their over-run peoples on the idea of a Greater Germany and a United Europe. They

worked at it with every propaganda technique in their arsenal; they put their best foot forward; they planned to stay. With occupation duties lightened by frequent furloughs home, the Wehrmacht men managed to be more cheerful, less bitter and *toujours correct*, as the French describe them. Make no mistake, however: the French would rather have us. In Marseille Germans never walked the streets unarmed.

To our European friends we are a disappointment. They picked the GI as their Babe Ruth. He knocked out a couple of homers to start with. But since V-E Day he has been, more often than not, striking out.



The Greatness of Man —

The greatness of man is so evident, that it is even proved by his wretchedness. For what in animals is nature we call in man wretchedness; by which we recognize that, his nature being now like that of animals, he has fallen from a better nature which was once his.

For who is unhappy at not being a king, except a deposed king? Was Paulus Aemilius unhappy at being no longer consul? On the contrary, everybody thought him happy in having been consul, because the office could only be held for a time. But men thought Perseus so unhappy in being no longer king, because the condition of kingship implied his always being king, that they thought it strange that he endured life. Who is unhappy at having only one mouth? And who is not unhappy at having only one eye? Probably no man ever ventured to mourn at not having three eyes. But anyone is insoluble at having none. — BLAISE PASCAL: *Pensées*

WHITMAN'S MESSAGE FOR TODAY

BY EMORY HOLLOWAY

BEWARE," said Emerson, "when the great God lets loose a thinker upon this planet." A dynamic thinker himself, he was not personally terrified by the thought. Rather, his optimism was reinforced by it. He believed that if mankind would beat a path to the door of the inventor of a superior mousetrap, they would, in time, construct a highway to the builder of a superior world, even if that world existed, as yet, only in his thought.

One wonders what comment the Concord sage would have made had he been alive when, in the supersolar light which flared over Hiroshima, every serious mind throughout the world was suddenly impregnated with a thought which necessitated a re-evaluation of his accepted thinking, his ancient "idols" whether of the cave or of the marketplace, and the whole basis of his mental, moral and physical security. In times of danger the timid flee to the courageous for leadership and comfort; in times of bewilderment they flee to the thinker.

For this reason the power of clear thinking has suddenly registered an unprecedented rise on all the bourses of the intellectual world. We seek the man whose imaginative insight, whose familiarity with general ideas, and whose moral courage have equipped him to deal with a situation such as that in which the atomic bomb has overnight placed a bewildered and a distraught world. We are not particular whether he be poet or politician or professor if only his thought can illuminate the darkness ahead.

More and more frequently Walt Whitman is being quoted as though he were our contemporary, rather than a poet whose first volume appeared ninety years ago. The repeated use of Whitman poems, music, ideas and techniques in building morale during the war years recalls his boast concerning the great poet:

In war he is the best backer of the war, he fetches artillery as good as the engineer's, he can make every word he speaks draw blood.

EMORY HOLLOWAY, professor of English at Queens College, Flushing, New York, is well known as a student of Walt Whitman. He is the author of *Whitman — An Interpretation in Narrative*, which received the Pulitzer prize for biography in 1926, and he has edited numerous collections of Whitman's verse and prose.

Whitman should be of even greater inspiration in times of peace. This contemporary quality in his verse is due to the fact that profound ideas are relatively timeless and to the further fact that he addressed himself, not to the limitations of his Nineteenth Century audience, but rather to the future, expecting to be fully comprehended only when readers should have come to share his own insight. To him the thought of a people was of slow growth, its full fruition to be expected only in the indeterminate future.

O America because you build for mankind
 I build for you,
 O well-beloved stone cutters, I lead them
 who plan with decision and science,
 Lead the present with friendly hand to-
 ward the future.

Except insofar as all thinking seems a kind of magic to those who are incapable of sharing it, Whitman's prophecy was not, however, that of second-sight; it was that deep and radar-like perception of the hidden currents of life which less sensitive souls can detect only when these forces have recorded themselves in the capital letters of accomplished fact. Thus, at the end of the Civil War, he wrote a poem, "Years of the Modern," in which he certainly predicted the World War; but though he may have composed the poem in a kind of trance (as the poem itself suggests), his prediction was nothing more than the logical and courageous application of the principles at issue in the war between the states to a war

between the nations. As the Union could not survive half slave and half free, so the world, he thought, would ultimately have to accept a single standard of values, a single attitude toward the individual life, or else remain in conflict with itself.

Sometimes the thought of which Emerson wrote comes not to bring peace but a sword. In such a world conflict, Whitman, being a genuine democrat, believed the result would be the same as that in the Civil War. The principle which places human rights above property rights, the individual above the state, would finally dominate the world, not because we, as a "messiah" nation, would excel in propaganda, but simply because men would rise more readily and more heroically to its defense. The gulf dividing the North from the South was, ideologically, as great as that separating democracy from totalitarianism today. Whitman did not advocate forcible eradication of slavery in the South, much as its abolition was to be desired; but he did oppose its spread, and he thought that gradually even the South would discover that slavery was a liability for the section as a whole. I don't think his attitude would be very different today.

II

The detonation of an atomic bomb over Hiroshima, perhaps more than any other scientific demonstration, has presented dramatic alternatives

to the mind of man. So sharply is the issue drawn that not only scientists and philosophers but also military men and statesmen are in almost complete agreement in stating its terms: spiritual construction or physical destruction, each on a scale until recently undreamed of. The world which Whitman pictured in "Passage to India," a world through long centuries seeking harmony, a northwest passage to peace, a friendly relationship between the mind of man and the forces of nature, might, by the sudden shock of that bomb — whether out of deadly fear or clear vision — be forced into a working union, if not an organic unity.

On the other hand, it might press the bomb to its bosom in an irrational hara-kiri of its own civilization. This would happen only if chauvinists (such as Whitman ceased to be after his support of the Mexican War) should feel tempted to look upon the mastery of atomic fission as a national triumph and rejoice in the sudden, if only temporary, augmentation of national prestige, power and security which such mastery automatically produces. They might be tempted to think in terms of splendid, selfish isolation, or even to undertake an unprecedented policy of power politics which would employ the bomb as an instrument for terrifying less fortunate nations into conformity with patterns of life recommended by that nation.

For his part Whitman did believe that democracy would spread over

the earth, but only if it were a spiritual as well as a political democracy. As to our becoming, through the exercise of force or the fear of force, the masters of the world, he knew too well from his residence in the slave-ridden Southland and from his familiarity with the history which culminated in the Civil War that such masters become slaves to their own mastership. In *Democratic Vista* he paid his respects to political liberty, not as an end in itself, but as a necessary condition of other kinds of liberty. Invention, production, control of nature through science he also celebrated, but, again, not as the *raison d'être* of democracy. Political and economic liberty were useful, in the last analysis, only as they afforded leisure for a cultural liberty, in which the creative forces of mankind would nourish the soul, inspire the imagination, and cement, in a sort of religious bond, the whole people. He felt that it is the great ideas, not the unmastered fears, that unite peoples. For that reason I do not think he would have been particularly shocked by this latest achievement of laboratory science.

Nevertheless, he would have sat down beneath the patient live-oak trees or beside the unsatisfied sea to take a fresh view of his always plastic universe. The great poet, he said, has the function of steadying by his strong faith the age that is straying toward a belief in the omnipotence of matter and the uncontrollability of man's primitive instincts.

Lo, soul, seest thou not God's purpose
 from the first,
 The earth to be spann'd, connected by
 network,
 The races, neighbors, to marry and be
 given in marriage,
 The oceans to be cross'd, the distant
 brought near,
 The lands to be welded together.

A worship new I sing,
 You captains, voyagers, explorers, yours,
 You engineers, you architects, machinists,
 yours,
 You, not for trade or transportation only,
 But, in God's name, and for thy sake O
 soul.

Sail forth — steer for the deep waters only,
 Reckless O soul, exploring, I with thee,
 and thou with me,
 For we are bound where mariner has not
 yet dared to go,
 And we risk the ship, ourselves and all.

O my brave soul!
 O farther farther sail!
 O daring joy, but safe! are they not all the
 seas of God?

III

Like Shelley, he believed that Prometheus would one day be unbound, that power would yet be the servant of peace and justice, that a cosmic sympathy would at last unite mankind, despite the varying levels of development attained by individuals, races and nations at any given period. His romantic belief in the fundamental kinship of all men stemmed from the period and place in which he had received his most formative influences, the expanding nineteenth century in a youthful America beginning its

great scientific and governmental experiments; but it was rooted also in his reading of the Bible, the Greek classics, the Elizabethan writers and in modern science. From all these he learned to trust in imagination and to seek the greatest source of power, not in material forces or in social institutions, but in the atom of humanity, the complex, individual man.

We consider bibles and religions divine —
 I do not say they are not divine,
 I say they have all grown out of you, and
 may grow out of you still.

With the victory of democracy in the war just ended, even the most unemotional realists and the hardest boiled statesmen know that propaganda must be directed toward the average man — that governments, however constituted, do in fact and in the long run derive their power from the consent of those they govern. The corollary to this traditional American idea is that the individual must be informed, educated, made responsible. Never did Whitman rely upon statutes to hold men together, even within the framework of a single nation. "No living thing will so endure." It was the will to union that had made America strong enough to meet the challenge of disunity. And this will was not imposed from above. In the Civil War Whitman did not sing of the great battles nor of the generals who won them; but he was inspired by the sight of hundreds of thousands of young farm boys from the West willingly laying down their lives, not

in support of the vested interests of the section in which they happened to dwell, but for a union of free men, the hope of achieving the American dream of a better life for all. One likes to imagine the "Laus Deo" he would, if alive, be writing today in tribute to the same spirit as it met the challenge of arrogant and pagan dictatorship in a war that embraced the whole world.

It may seem ironical that as men unite in greater and greater numbers, perhaps the entire world through representatives sitting down before long to reason and legislate together — the need for greater controls, the demand for a stronger heart to pump blood throughout the enlarging corpus of society, will tend to subjugate the

very individuals whose welfare is the only justification. for such control, and whose personal responsibility is the only safeguard of its tremendous power. The measure of Whitman's importance as a guide in a time like this is his ability to recognize both the manifest destiny of a united world and the irrefragable integrity and freedom of the individuals who compose it. He saw clearly "the road to serfdom" but he preached "the open road." Even when our own war for freedom was followed, not by a golden age, but by a gilded one, he refused to abandon his faith, calmly proclaiming, "I know the amplitude of time." The atom bomb raises the question, Is there time enough for the realization of his evolutionary dream?



Public Affairs —

It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed. Naturally one would imagine that the interest of a few individuals should give way to general interest; but individuals manage their affairs with so much more application, industry and address than the public do theirs that general interest most commonly gives way to particular. We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom, but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices and private interests. By the help of these, artful men overpower their wisdom, and dupe its possessors; and if we may judge by the acts, arrests and edicts, all the world over, for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth. — BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: *Letter to Benjamin Vaughan, 1784*

WHAT MAKES A GOOD REPORTER?

BY STANLEY WALKER

WHAT, indeed? What is the thing, or combination of things, that lifts him above mediocrity? This is the riddle which haunts the corridors of journalism schools throughout the country; this is the question which shapes up time and again in the city rooms after the last edition has gone to press. Every teacher and editor can toss off a set of answers, based upon his experience, his favorites, and his personal prejudices. They all fumble somewhat, even as I shall fumble here.

The qualities that go into the making of an outstanding reporter are often elusive, and we have no universal yardstick of perfection. Herodotus, Plutarch and Pliny, as well as the Four Apostles, were reporters after a fashion, and none of them was the perfect workman. And yet I think we can at least approach a sensible answer to this poser.

I went to work as a reporter thirty years ago, and most of the time since then I have been connected with newspapers, usually on desk jobs. I was a fairly good reporter, but I understand very well today what my

principal defects were: an inadequate educational equipment, too much distaste for humdrum assignments, a congenital disinclination to pry into the affairs of other people, and a quick and intolerant temper. To counterbalance these grave faults I could write decently enough, I had an excellent memory, I was stubborn, and I had a tremendous love for the business of being a newspaper man. Maybe I was a little better than average. But never, never, could I supply the yardstick for anybody.

A great many good reporters have worked in this country in the course of the last thirty years. I suppose I have known most of them; with many of them I have worked. I have an almost maudlin affection for them. They are wonderful people. If I had to go on that shopworn assignment to a desert island and take only a small group with me, I suspect that just about all my selections would be reporters. We'd have a fine time of it, too.

Sometimes it seems that a good reporter owes his distinction to his

STANLEY WALKER has published several well-known books, including *City Editor*, based upon his long career as reporter, writer, and editor for newspapers in New York, Dallas, and Philadelphia.

genes. He was born good. Maybe he had a grandfather with a vast curiosity, or a father who loved to string words together, or a mother who had a weakness for spying on the neighbors and the neighbors' children. But no one can prove this theory; indeed, it often runs counter to the known facts about a man. Take Henry M. Stanley, the genuinely great reporter who found Livingstone. He began life as a workhouse brat in England (his real name was Henry Rowlands). Joseph Alsop, an excellent reporter, comes from a literate, distinguished American family, and was educated at Harvard. So the genes theory, while interesting enough, remains a matter of speculation.

But is it possible to set down a list of traits which most good reporters have in common? I think so — more or less. Having in mind a group of some thirty or forty for whom I happen to have a high admiration, we can immediately discern these characteristics:

They are curious; that is, they wonder about what goes on, and why. They are generous; I know only one good reporter who is a skinflint, and he would be better if he could overcome this curse. Very few top flight reporters attended schools of journalism. By saying this I am not knocking the schools, but merely presenting what seems to me a pertinent bit of evidence. They will take a drink, though none is a roaring dipsomaniac, and not one of them is fool enough to contend — as some saps do — that

he works better drunk than sober. I think it is a fairly safe general rule that the reporter who never takes a drink will bear watching; something is wrong.

The good reporters are for the most part deliberate in their movements; they know that nothing is to be gained by frenzy and hysteria. They are helpful to newcomers in the business, and they are invariably square when dealing with their colleagues. They know a great many people, including sources of important information. They are not overburdened with executive ability; it would be a rash board of directors which would entrust a large, complicated business to them. They are not obsessed with the idea of saving the world; indeed, they are skeptical of grandiose ideas and suspicious of ostentatious doers of good. They have a keen eye for the stuffed shirts of this world, and they're not inclined to pad their own. Rarely can they be wheedled into making speeches; few really good reporters go on the lecture platform, though it has happened. Add to all this imagination, a touch of humor, independence, and the ability to write passably well, and you have a rough — very rough — portrait of the good reporter.

None of this, of course, is to suggest that good reporters are all cut from the same pattern. Far from it. They vary greatly in background, personality, and aptitudes. Alva Johnston never went beyond high school, though he is famous for his erudition. Others, though not many, wear Phi

Beta Kappa keys, and a few, like Beverly Smith, actually went to Oxford. Joel Sayre is built like a Turkish wrestler; Ernie Pyle was a mere wisp of a man. Russell Porter is quiet and contemplative; Edward Angly, possibly because of his Gallic blood, is often effervescent. Miss Ishbel Ross is demure in manner; the gifted Miss Julia McCarthy is sometimes alarmingly and effectively outspoken. Frank Ward O'Malley was very slow with his work; Joe Mulvaney and Herbert Asbury and many others write with astonishing rapidity.

II

All different, and all good. Perhaps as sensible a method as any to explain why some reporters are good is to give some examples—and at the same time to apologize for leaving out so many who have distinguished themselves either by occasional brilliance or by steady, highly competent work over the years.

Most really great reporters, I think, have in them a deep sense of the tragedy and futility of most human endeavor, something which they usually seek to disguise by a cynical or bantering manner. W. O. McGeehan surely was one of the best of the sports reporters, and he reserved his most resounding hoots for prizefighting, which he called “the manly art of modified murder.” He sneered a great deal. And yet, to my mind, the most effective story he ever wrote was about Ad Wolgast, the former light-

weight champion of the world, who, with his mind blurred beyond all hope, passed his time doing road work and punching the bag, keeping in perfect physical shape under the pathetic delusion that he was going to fight Joe Gans “next Saturday night.”

The name H. L. Mencken to most Americans doubtless means either the scholarly “Sage of Baltimore,” or the iconoclast, or the expert on the American language. Actually, whenever he has turned his hand to it, he has produced some of our finest reporting. In 1925 he was covering the Scopes evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee, for the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore. One evening, when there was no news concerning the case, he went to a nearby community to sit in at an old-fashioned revival meeting of the hill country fundamentalists. His moving and detailed story of what happened there, with his sweeping undertones of revulsion, is among the classics of American reporting. The good reporter often picks up his best story on the side, when he is assigned to cover something else.

Boyden Sparkes, a big, tough-minded veteran of journalism, has always seemed to me exceptional because of his tenacity in following the trail of a baffling set of facts and his ability to sift the true from the false. He would have made an excellent prosecutor or chief of detectives. He has a mind—somewhat rare among the general run of reporters—capable of untangling complex financial messes, and he has done this sort of

thing many times. One of his best stories, however, was his account, printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*, of how he had studied the much-discussed Croatan traces from Roanoke Island and had effectually proved their falsity.

For versatility I do not think I have ever seen a reporter who could beat Alva Johnston. Whether he is interviewing a monumental faker, or covering a murder case, or delving into the financial operations of a Roosevelt, or portraying the life and times of "Tommy the Cork" Corcoran, he is always thorough, and his touch is always deft. Some critics claim that he has one important shortcoming — a cold, brittle absence of feeling or emotion. There is something in this; no romantic passages, no tear-jerking, ever find their way into Johnston's stories. However, in a country that has never suffered from a shortage of treacle, I am inclined to regard this as one of his noblest qualities.

Some reporters have a knack for writing about people, and can dig out good stories from the most unprepossessing sources. Soon after he reached New York some fifteen years ago and started newspaper work, Joseph Mitchell showed this rare ability. He is a master at writing about odd and remarkable persons, and somehow he manages to convey a feeling of great sympathy and kinship with them. His pieces in the *New Yorker* on the retired mayor of Fulton Fish Market, Mr. Flood, are perfect ex-

amples of this type of reporting. Nothing is more difficult to do well.

Crusading, and the exposure of malefactors of high and low degree, has more or less gone out of style in the last decade or so. But it still takes a good reporter to handle this sort of story. One example in fairly recent years was Meigs O. Frost, the aging and lovably garrulous reporter in New Orleans, who, stumbling upon the fact that material belonging to the state was being used in private construction, started on the difficult trail which finally toppled the vicious machine founded by Huey Long. Again, Westbrook Pegler well deserved the Pulitzer Prize won in 1941 for his exposure of George Scalise, the former Chicago gangster who became head of the New York Building Service Employees Union. Here was great reporting, and a public benefaction of the first order. Several other newspaper men knew that Scalise was a crook; Pegler went ahead and proved it.

It is axiomatic that reporters should keep their eyes open at all times, but few do so. One afternoon in the last years of prohibition Joseph Driscoll was having a drink in a speakeasy near the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The bartender happened to mention that Minnie, the black cat that had been prowling around the neighborhood for years, had died. Driscoll looked into the history of Minnie — her strange adventures, her attitudes toward speak-easy patrons, the notables she had

encountered — and wrote a column for the New York *Herald Tribune* which was widely reprinted under the title "The Cat That Knew Caruso."

Moreover, it is a common saying that reporters should have "contacts." True enough. Although some reporters lack the necessary personality, the best of them build up a wide range of newsworthy acquaintances. Damon Runyon, who is known and greatly loved in many parts of America, probably has more useful "contacts" than any reporter of modern times. People gravitate to him. It is a priceless quality. It was a similar trait in Lauren D. ("Deacon") Lyman that gained for Lyman a Pulitzer Prize some years back. Lyman, then a reporter for the New York *Times*, had long been the friend of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, who trusted him. When Lindbergh decided to leave the United States he gave Lyman the exclusive story, and Lyman deserved all the credit he got for this scoop. Likewise, when John K. Winkler was working for the Hearst papers, he scooped the world one morning on the fact that Mr. and Mrs. James A. Stillman, who had been at each other's throats through years of sordid litigation, had decided to try a reconciliation and had sailed for Europe together. Mrs. Stillman gave the story to Winkler simply because he had her confidence.

The all around reporter is always admirable, but sometimes it pays to have one or more specialties. William Laurence of the New York *Times*

for the last fifteen years or so has added to his already great store of knowledge by making himself a really expert reporter in the field of science. He was out in New Mexico when the first test of the atomic bomb was made, and he saw the whole appalling spectacle. When he was able to release the story of what he knew and what he had seen, the result was all that Laurence's many admirers had hoped for. I doubt that Poe could have done a better story, and it was Poe material.

A good reporter should know his town, and know it intimately. When Irvin S. Cobb, fresh from Paducah, was a young reporter in New York, he devoted as much time as possible to walking the streets. This practice not only gave him a sound knowledge of the physical aspects of the big town, but it also gave him the "feel" of the place — something which he used to great profit in later years when he turned to writing fiction.

Wherever young reporters gather somebody always regrets that he "never knew Gene Fowler." The older generation knew him well, and it is the misfortune of the younger ones that they did not. Fowler has been in Hollywood for a good many years, making money, but he is remembered as having been a fine reporter — not always inhibited by the strictest sense of accuracy, perhaps, but always lively and with an unflinching sense of the human comedy. He has, and always had, a poetic streak which lifted him far above the run-

of-the-mine news-gatherers. That is why he could write his moving poem on the sinking of the *Jervis Bay*, and that is why the overpowering tragedy of John Barrymore appealed to him so deeply. Good reporters have a touch of poetry in them.

III

But there are so many of these good reporters! Many good young ones are coming along. Some showed their stuff during the war just ended. One of the best is Homer Bigart, who only a few years ago was an office boy on the New York *Herald Tribune*. I would not say, however, that the modern reporter is necessarily an improvement on the reporter of a generation or two ago. Styles have changed a bit, but the fundamentals remain forever much the same.

What was the best staff ever put together? I have heard this debated many times. I don't know. Never, I think, has a better group of journalists gathered in one place than those who worked in California in the great days of forty and fifty years ago. Here was a nest of genius. And, as everybody knows, the old *Sun* in New York once had a staff of surpassing brilliance. At certain periods the New York *Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the Kansas City *Journal*, have had staffs whose accomplishments were memorable. But as to which was best, I'm at a loss to answer.

The old *World* in New York had a

good staff, but in my opinion it was generally overrated. Usually it had two or three prima donnas who attracted considerable attention for a time, but the bulk of the staff was not exceptional. Moreover, many *World* reporters seemed to be so intent on giving an unusual "slant" to a story that they often made a botch of it. Indeed, the inadequate coverage of news was one of the reasons why the *World* failed. The paper had attractive special features, a fine editorial page, and occasionally it embarked on a project which brought cheers from journalists everywhere — but the solid stuff, the meat, the news, was simply not there day in and day out.

"Objectivity" in reporting is something else to argue about. Being old-fashioned, and perhaps even reactionary, I still believe in the ideal — with certain reservations. There are times when no reporter can be wholly impartial, nor should he try to be. But when a reporter ceases trying for objectivity altogether he soon begins to slight his facts. And facts — certainly to us who are getting older — are the foundation of the business. J. David Stern, of Philadelphia, in the unhappy period when he was trying to make a go of the *Evening Post* in New York, once wrote that objectivity was all nonsense, that nothing was objective, and that the whole notion might as well be thrown out the window. He had a persuasive argument, but I cannot go along with him. The paper which is admittedly not objective forfeits something of

public confidence. Mr. Marshall Field's *PM* has done a few excellent things, but I suspect it would merit greater respect if it paid more attention to facts and a little less to the preconceived notions which its "news" columns are continually attempting to prove.

And I do not intend to be sour toward the new crop of reporters when I say that, as a group, they seem to

lack something of the zest and flavor of the old-timers. They are for the most part exceedingly serious minded. They worry a great deal about labor relations, and the international situation, and social changes. They do not seem to have much fun, and newspaper work for them is hardly the high adventure that we used to fancy it. But maybe they are right and maybe we were wrong.



Readers —

Readers may be divided into four classes:

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.
2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.
3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.
4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE PROPHET JEHUDI

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

EVERY period of great change in the affairs of men is usually, if not always, preceded by at least one genuine prophet who is able to peer into the distant future and to announce — commonly to deaf ears — the shape of things to come. In the first decades of the nineteenth century the United States contained one such prophet, a hero whose appealing and tragic story has been quite thoroughly buried for one hundred and seventeen years. He was Jehudi Ashmun, a real fanatic who was willing to give his own life to prevent his dire prophecy from coming true.

Ashmun was a frail youth who liked books. Born in 1794 in the backwoods settlement of Champlain, New York, of a poor and numerous family, he managed to work his way through four years at Middlebury College in Vermont, later entering the Congregational ministry and becoming organizer and principal of the Maine Charity School at Hampden. He soon married, and in 1818 went to Baltimore where he engaged in journalism and was presently editor of the *Theological Repertory*, a rather weak periodical of the Episcopal church. Soon the paper began to attract attention because of Ashmun's ex-

tremely able and eloquent articles in support of a colony in Africa for freed slaves, later known as Liberia. This colony idea so captured the young man's imagination that he could think or write of little else. For the next several years he devoted much of his energy to interesting the public in it. It was an extremely difficult business, even for so eloquent and determined a man as Ashmun.

The idea of a colony in Africa to be settled by freed slaves was apparently first suggested by Ezra Stiles, president of Yale College. Funds for such a colony were collected as early as 1776, and in that year several Negroes were being trained at Princeton for the work. But the war had to be won, and nothing came of the idea. Then, in 1817, the American Colonization Society was founded. The Society, which had strong support in the South as well as the North, was by no means wholly humanitarian in purpose. It seems to have been formed solely for the sending to Africa of free Negroes, who were considered very dangerous and likely to breed uprisings among the black slaves.

Not long after the Society had come into existence, Congress appropriated a small and insufficient sum to provide

"a station in Africa for the return of smuggled Negroes" who had been rescued from the slave-runners by revenue men; and two agents of the Society, Mills and Burgess, were sent to prepare for settlement and administration.

Little more happened, although a dribble of free blacks were sent to the colony. Neither the United States government nor the people appeared to be interested. The thing was dying of indifference when young Ashmun took hold. In his paper he spoke most eloquently for the colony, but he did not stop with the idea of shipping free Negroes. Ashmun said that slavery was both morally and economically wrong. He also said that slavery if continued was certain to overthrow the United States and bring it to chaos — which had not been said before. And Ashmun had a plan to preclude the great struggle he saw ahead; he proposed the purchase of all American Negro slaves for cash. They were then to be sent to Africa and aided in settlement of what in good time should become a Negro republic, economically and politically independent.

II

A few kindly souls listened to Ashmun, and in time the Federal government, never more than mildly interested in the project, appointed him its temporary representative to accompany thirty-seven free Negroes who were to be sent to Africa in the brig *Strong*. So, in 1822, when he was

twenty-eight years old, the slight, tall, fine-featured and mild-mannered youth and his wife set sail from Baltimore, with the group of blacks who mostly had been rescued from slavers.

Ashmun had intended to return on the same vessel, but he found the Liberian colony in such desperate straits that he resolved to remain. Death had taken a terrible toll of the first colonists. Of the 114 original settlers, about one-third were dead of fever. Most of the living were ill. The rainy season had begun. One of the white agents sent to aid the blacks was in his grave. The other had simply given up the whole thing and gone away.

Ashmun had barely time to take stock of conditions before he was warned, by a friendly jungle black, of an impending attack on the settlement by native tribes who resented Liberia and meant to exterminate it. Ashmun was no soldier, yet he assumed leadership and prepared for the attack like a seasoned campaigner. He found two small brass cannon and a little powder. These would have to be his main reliance, for only twenty-seven men in the colony were well enough to bear arms. Ashmun set them to throwing up breastworks. He had them clear all trees and underbrush for several yards in all directions from the home-made fortifications.

Now Ashmun collected such muskets and swords and pikes as he could and drilled his pathetic force. The fever struck both Ashmun and his

wife. She died. Ill though he was and broken-hearted, Ashmun managed to keep his courage, which was very great and was going to be much needed. Then, one night, the surrounding jungle echoed with the rising thunder of drumming and savage cries and the exhortations of the chiefs. Again the friendly native brought warning, this time that the attack was to be made that night.

On November 11, 1822, just before break of dawn, a screaming horde of between 800 and 900 savage blacks fell furiously upon the little colony. Ashmun wheeled one of the tiny cannon to a slot in the breastworks and brought it to bear on the advancing ranks. He stood with slow-match in hand until the howling blacks were within close range, then he let go with the grape-shot. It wreaked dreadful work, mowing down a score of the wild men. The black ranks broke, then rallied to the cries of their chiefs and on they came again. Ashmun fired both cannon this time and to good effect. But again the savages reformed and came back to the charge. In the meantime one of Ashmun's men fell dead from a spear; then another defender fell, and another. Ashmun paid no heed. He rammed a mighty load into one of his guns and touched it off. Every shot "found its way into the solid mass of human flesh" and this time the attack was stopped. With a yell of fear, the natives turned and like one man disappeared into the jungle, leaving more than one hundred dead on the field.

Ashmun took account of his own forces. He had lost four men; four others were wounded. Nor was the war quite over. For the next three weeks Ashmun and his tiny crew mounted guard day and night. From the jungle came the almost continuous noise of the chiefs haranguing their men; drums beat constantly, as the savages got up steam for another attack. It came, again at dawn. Ashmun was ready with the same tactics he had used before. Holding his fire until the charge was fair upon the breastworks, Ashmun let go a volley from both guns. Again the cannon took great toll and the wild men fled into the bush, and kept going. Ashmun never again had to defend Liberia by force of arms.

III

The next attack on Liberia came from within, in the person of one Doctor Ayres, sent by the American Colonization Society to replace the agent who had fled the colony before Ashmun's arrival. Doctor Ayres came soon after the second battle, and with him was trouble for Ashmun and for the colony.

In the emergency into which he had run headlong as soon as he set foot in Liberia, Ashmun had naturally enough assumed responsibility and had successfully defended the colony. Doctor Ayres, who appears to have been an officious and incompetent sort of man, gave Ashmun to understand that he, Ayres, was now

the head of things; Ashmun was without authority.

Ashmun's wife was dead. His drafts home for cash had not been honored. His motives were being questioned by the Society, and all his great sacrifices were obviously not appreciated, if even they were understood. Doctor Ayres took over with a high hand. Soon after stirring the colony to near rebellion, however, he got a touch of fever. This was all he needed; Ayres took the next ship back to the United States. Ashmun remained, and the poor Negroes, deserted again by one of their official agents, turned once more to Ashmun, who was fanatic enough to forget his wrongs.

With Doctor Ayres gone, young Ashmun had a free hand. He turned to with a will. He taught his charges how to clear land. He showed them how to build fences. He discussed with them the best crops, the use of kitchen gardens, and everything that pertained to what Ashmun hoped and believed would one day be a great nation of all the slaves in the United States. Every last black in America could be purchased for a few million dollars, Ashmun wrote in descriptive articles about Liberia. Let it be done now, and let the United States, which was responsible, see that the freed men were carried to the home of their forefathers and there aided in building the Republic of Liberia.

It was a vision that in the 1820's could have been made fact with comparatively little expense — perhaps

less than the cost of one good battle, say, for instance, Antietam. But few men caught the vision Ashmun held up before them. So, he continued his great work in the colony. He wrote a practical and appealing little book, *The Liberia Farmer: or, Colonist's Guide to Independence and Domestic Comfort*, which was later published; and for the next six years headed the enterprise with great vigor and success, seeing the few shacks of 1822 grow slowly into the neat village of Monrovia. Had he lived another score of years the sad story of Liberia might have been different.

Ashmun had never quite recovered from his early attack of tropical fever; and in 1828 he realized that his end was not far off. He returned to the United States and died in New Haven a few days after his arrival. Many Yankees had heard of the young man's noble work in the jungles of Africa. On the day of Ashmun's funeral "a large concourse of the citizens of New Haven and surrounding towns united in a solemn tribute of respect to his memory and attended his remains to the grave."

Nine years later the Commonwealth of Liberia was organized in formal fashion, and in 1847 it adopted a Constitution much like our own. But at no time did the Federal government, or the people of the United States, take much interest in the project that might have saved so much tragedy — tragedy that did not end at Appomattox. Jehudi Ashmun, who died worn out at thirty-five, was

a great spirit and he spoke with prophecy to men who would not, or perhaps could not, hear. Only his eyes, in 1821, caught the gleam of a terrible, swift sword. Only his ears heard the trampling of the grapes. . . .

IV

If men could not hear Prophet Ashmun speaking, they were soon to be jolted out of their fatuous belief that American Negro slaves were happy in their Christian captivity. In 1821, when Jehudi Ashmun was preparing to leave for Liberia, a carefully planned conspiracy for a Negro slave revolt was taking shape in South Carolina. Its leader was a remarkable free Negro of great ability and considerable intellectual powers named Denmark Vesey. Past middle years, yet mentally very active and of great driving force, Vesey lived in Charleston where he worked for wages as a free artisan. Late in 1821 he began to select conspirators for a plan he had been considering for a long time: a great uprising of slaves.

For his lieutenants Vesey chose only Negroes who were literate, among them Mingo Harth and Peter Poyas, two men of fine intelligence, and Gullah, a huge, cruel and blood-thirsty black. Vesey was the master of several languages, both spoken and written. He owned many books and read many more. He used the Bible to prove to his followers that God had ordained slaves to be freed of their bondage. He instilled into his trusted

lieutenants the need of quoting from the Scriptures to the uneducated blacks. He also discussed the rights of man in secular terms — those of Thomas Paine. Working swiftly and so carefully that for many months no white or black not in the plot knew what was afoot, Vesey and his able organizers mustered between 7,000 and 9,000 men and women — all slaves — into a well-disciplined band of conspirators.

Few or no domestic slaves were admitted, for Vesey distrusted them. Many of the plotters were craftsmen of one kind and another. In a little, 250 pike heads and bayonets had been fashioned on the anvils of the great planters, and 300 great daggers and swords made. Several Negro barbers spent their spare hours making wigs and false whiskers with which to disguise the identities of the better-known slaves, for although at this period no white American wore hair on his face, many of the older blacks were bearded.

Vesey seems to have thought of almost everything. In Charleston he detailed men to spy out every store and house containing arms and ammunition. Others made arrangements to steal horses and bring the rural plotters quickly into Charleston. And in the city itself Vesey's men surveyed the stables and took note of the number of animals that could easily be appropriated.

Late in April of 1822 Vesey thought the conspiracy well enough organized to set the date. He chose the second

Sunday in July, and the word went out along the grapevine to the plantation slaves. A Sunday was picked because it had long been the custom of many plantation slaves to go into town that day.

The plan had been carefully worked out. It involved simultaneous attacks on the city of Charleston from five different points; and a mounted force was to patrol the streets. All was going famously when the seemingly inevitable informer turned up. This informer did not know the really huge extent of the conspiracy, but he did know that something was doing. Late in May Vesey's best men, Peter Poyas and Mingo Harth, were arrested. Mingo and Peter, however, would not "talk"; they conducted themselves "with so much coolness and composure" that they were freed, although spies were set to watch them. In this emergency, Vesey decided to set the date for the uprising ahead one month. He sent out the word. But before the day arrived, another slave turned informer and the conspiracy was broken by the arrest of all the leaders. Thirty-seven of them, including Vesey, were hanged between June 18 and August 9.

Although Denmark Vesey's great revolt was crushed before white blood had been shed, it was of vast importance to history. It so frightened South Carolinians and other Southern whites that they at once put into effect the repressive legislation that

held until the end of the Civil War. Within a few months after the exposure of Vesey's conspiracy, laws were passed forbidding the hiring out of slaves and providing that every free Negro over fifteen years of age was to have a guardian responsible for his behavior. The congregating of slaves was forbidden. And to curb the possibilities made apparent by Vesey's use of the printed word, the instruction of Negroes in reading and writing was made a crime.

Another effect of Vesey's plot was to focus attention on the possibility that all Negro slaves were not necessarily content with their lot. Northern papers began to wonder aloud, often hypocritically but nevertheless to some effect, whether slavery was really such a boon to the nation as had long been supposed; and, on the other hand, Southern editors and clergymen started to erect their defenses of the institution.

The Vesey plot also touched off a long series of slave revolts, including Nat Turner's well-known and bloody affair, which lasted almost until the end of the Civil War. But in 1822 the time was poor for a prophet like Ashmun, who had a plan to do away with slavery, with the consequent Civil War, and the also consequent condition spoken of in 1945 as the "race problem." Nor were the people ready in 1822 to accept the ultimate implications of the warning Denmark Vesey had given them.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Dragon-Flies

THERE is perhaps no surer mark of a man's unfamiliarity with nature than if, when his thoughts or his talk turn to the amazingness of the natural world, he at once thinks in terms of things that are very far away from his own dooryard, or remote in time or shape or other quality. If a man is astounded by the two-toed sloth (whose habits he encounters, summarized, in a cross-word puzzle clue), it is an almost certain evidence that he is a stranger to natural history. Were he not, he would know that a sloth is essentially no more extraordinary a thing than is, for instance, the termite under his own door-sill, or the sparrow on his own roof-tree, or the colony of ants on which he treads every morning on his way to the office. It is certainly a very queer thing, to be sure, that an obscure species of South American fish has bifocal eyes. But the man who is on terms of anything like intimacy with nature will hardly require to go so far afield to awaken his sense of astonishment. He will be aware that there are a dozen aspects of the most ordinary species of fish in the most everyday sort of close-to-home creek which are quite sufficient to make a naturalist goggle with awed amazement.

It is not necessary to go wandering off into the remotenesses of interstellar space, or the dim deeps of ancient history, or the wildly speculative future, to find the fabulous wonderment of the natural world. The wonderment lies here and now, all around us. What goes on inside the sun is no doubt very spectacular. But so (as has lately come to our popular attention) is what goes on inside that little particle of common and this-earthly stuff we call an atom.

In inaccessible regions of the Dutch East Indies, if the Sunday supplements are to be trusted, there exists a kind of beast that may with only a mild exaggeration be called a dragon. It is quite possibly true. But it is a nature-starved citizen indeed who must go in fact or fancy all the way to the fastnesses of Komodo to find himself a dragon. There is a dragon to be discovered in the neighborhood of the nearest brook or the nearest fish pond in his own home town. Neither the Dutch East Indies nor the most fantastical book of fairy-tales can produce a dragon more gratifyingly bloodthirsty, or more singular (and even improbable) in some of its behaviors. The inside of the sun is no stranger than the inside of an atom;

the ways of bygone dinosaurs are no stranger than the ways of a here-and-now horseshoe crab; and there are not any better dragons for a man to contemplate, if he has a taste for dragons, than the common and close-to-home kind of dragon that entomologists call a dragon-fly.

A dragon-fly is that large and malevolent-looking insect, swift and slim, with gauzy wings and a long body like a stiletto, that darts and swoops along the course of country brooks and among the bordering reeds of millponds. It is so big an insect, and so startlingly quick and evidently purposive in its aerial darts and rushes, that it may give no little consterna-

tion to any beholder unfamiliar with it. Something of that consternation (and of the quick addendum of superstition which is consternation's customary follower) shows forth in the popular names that have been bestowed on the dragon-fly: "Devil's darning-needle," "horse killer," "snake doctor." A dragon-fly, so popular rumor goes, will use its tremendous needle (which is in fact only its enormously long abdomen) to sew up the lips of liars; and since there are few of us who are more than preponderantly truthful, there has been a good deal of terror associated with this threat.

Though a dragon-fly in flight has



Dragon-Fly

Frank Utpatel

so menacing a look — and is possibly even more disturbing when seen at rest on a brook-side twig, displaying the wicked length (and often iridescent glitter) of its needle, the queer venation of its flatly outstretched wings, and the immense capability of the great mouth that is perhaps the most striking feature of a huge-eyed head which rotates peeringly upon a thready stem of neck — the truth is that this sinister-seeming animal is entirely without disposition or ability to do man any harm. It is indeed (just as it looks to be) a dragon, and a suitably murderous and monstrous kind of dragon. But its murdering all occurs in its own small insect-world; and those oddities of its life history which qualify it as a monstrosity are without any sinister implication for humanity. It does not sting horses. It does not sew up lips. It does not attend, in an eerie partnership, upon the wants of snakes. Insofar as it can be weighed in the ecological balance, it is something of a friend to us and a help to our economy. It slaughters mosquitoes.

II

Though it is not a dragon of which our own species need be in fear, a dragon-fly is in its own insect world nonetheless thoroughly draconic; and the peculiarity appropriate to dragons marks even that copulation of its parents which gives inception to its existence. Short of appearing, fabulously, out of nothing, or out of a rock,

or out of the wave of a wand, a being could hardly be more oddly given life. The intromittent organ of a male dragon-fly is on the under side of its second abdominal segment. But the ejaculatory ducts, which furnish the sperm, are far away near the abdomen's tip. (They are in fact seven segments away.) Accordingly, when male dragon-fly comes to breed with female, the performance involves acrobatics of a weird complexity. Having gripped the female by the neck, to hold her fast during so difficult a rite, the male dragon-fly must curve and contort his abdomen until the ninth segment of it is brought around into contact with the second segment, and his intromittent apparatus thus preparatorily anointed with the transferred sperm. The mating dragon-flies, once the difficult arrangement of their coming together has been effected, commonly remain close-locked for a long while . . . sometimes even until after the eggs have been laid. In some species, indeed, they descend under water together, still clasped in their fantastic embrace.

From each of the eggs that are the issue of this intricate union, there hatches the immature dragon-fly called a nymph. In the development of a dragon-fly's life there is no stage, as there is among many insects, of arrest and quiet, no season of an immobilized pupation. From the time of its emergence from the egg, though it undergoes a number of nymphal moults, and a final moult, in the following spring, when it exchanges

nymph-hood for the appearance and capacities of maturity, the dragon-fly is active and equipped to pursue its destiny. The destiny of dragons is traditionally to be ogres and go ravening for blood. The life role of the dragon-fly is exactly that.

As a nymph it lives under the water: crawling warily through the thick mud of pond bottoms, clambering heavily up the stalks of water plants, retreating during the coldest part of the winter to a torpid near-hibernation in the ooze. Already, as a larva, it has formidably the characteristics of a dragon. Its labium, or lower lip, is grotesquely huge, hinged, and has at its extremity a serration of sharp teeth. The young dragon-fly can fold back the great lip against its face, so that it covers it like a mask. Masked (and looking, then, something like a miniature caricature of an unearthly bulldog), it goes creeping and halting, creeping and halting, along the stream bed.

It is indeed ravening for blood, as any greater dragon might. With a halt and a sidle, it abruptly extrudes its gigantic lip, crooks the toothed rim of it upon a beetle-larva, whisks back the lip and swallows. Masked, it moves on. The lip shoots out and a young May-fly has been engulfed. It flickers again and a little brook-snail has been trapped. A few moments later the monstrous curling lip has put an end to a larval mosquito. Eating, swelling, moulting, the dragon-fly nymph lives out its months of immaturity as perhaps the most res-

olute and insatiable carnivore in all the murky little world of pond muck that is its domain. In the terms of its own small-scaled world, it is as terrible a creature as it looks. As befits the amoral ravening of a dragon, it readily makes a meal, when it can, of any of its own fellow dragon-fly nymphs that are smaller or less adroit than itself.

On a day in spring (or, as it sometimes happens, at other seasons) the dragon-fly nymph goes crawling up a water weed for the last time. It halts a few inches above the water surface; its nymphal skin splits; and it presently comes forth to dry the strong, veined wings and the shimmering needle body of adulthood. It is limp and crumpled at first; but in a little while it is ready to take off, with a curious clattery rasping of its wing-tissues, upon its errands as a darting, swooping, jerky-flying dragon of the air.

A dragon-fly can out-fly a swallow. It is expert in the sudden halt, the instant take-off, the abrupt contrivances of banking and veering. It sets out to establish a little regular round for itself, a kind of patrol, among the rushes and bushes that border the body of water where it lived as nymph. From this tree to that twig: from this sun-warm stone to that tussock: a dragon-fly is a singularly methodical dragon, neatly adherent to a schedule for its round of mas-sacre. To find a comparison for the volume and assiduity of that mas-sacre, it would be necessary to refer

to the mammalian carnivore called a weasel. And a weasel, after all, lacks the peculiar appurtenances of dragonhood. . . .

It lacks, for instance, anything like the dragon-fly's peculiar arrangement of legs. Those legs are all bunched at the front. They are of no use for walking. The dragon-fly never attempts to use them for that purpose. The purpose they serve is the purpose of a basket: a special kind of basket, as precisely adapted to a given end as were those baskets which used to be placed beside a guillotine. The dragon-fly takes its prey in full flight. It scoops and tumbles them into the basket of its little bunched-together legs, where it can hold them, as in a cunningly meshed container, until they are stuffed into the huge and furious jaws.

Nor has a weasel, for all its blood hunger, anything quite like the dragon rapacity, the grotesque voraciousness, of a Devil's darning-needle. There are no complete statistics; but the fragmentary ones are sufficiently impressive. A scientist named Beutenmuller fed a captive dragon-fly upon house-flies, to see how many it might eat before showing satisfaction. The

dragon-fly had not become satiated in two hours; and in that time it had eaten forty-two flies. Other scientists have tried a grislier experiment, to establish just how compelling the dragon's appetite may be. They have found that if a dragon-fly's tail is bent around and presented to its mouth, the dragon will with enthusiasm begin gobbling its own body, and will continue the engulfment until it has eaten all of itself that it can reach.

As was said at the start of this account, it can only be a man unfamiliar with the natural history of home who supposes he must look, to find his marvels, to distant times and places. Remote Komodo has no hungrier dragons, and no odder ones, than may any day be found flying and rasping their wings with a slithery-scaly sound and munching their victims' bodies beside the nearest mill-pond. It must be supposed that the Baron de Selys-Longchamps, who died some forty-five years ago, had a particularly strong sense of this kind of conviction. It was the distinction of that dedicated nobleman that when he died he knew more than anyone had every known before about the life and habits of the dragon-fly.



*M*ODESTY is to merit what the shade is to the figures in a painting; it gives strength and makes it stand out.

— JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE

SPEECH OF THE NARCOTIC UNDERWORLD

By D. W. MAURER

MOST persons, at one time or another, toy with the idea of taking dope. Narcotic addiction, like suicide, alcoholism or depraved sexual indulgence, is a form of romantic escape — a symptom of social inadequacy. The aftermath of the war, with its inevitable concomitant of mental and social unrest, often bordering on schizophrenia, will make narcotic addiction an increasing social and medical problem.

Only a healthy inertia and the fact that narcotics are not readily accessible deter the normal person from experimenting. But, as far as accessibility is concerned, the situation is rapidly changing. Despite Federal vigilance, it becomes increasingly easy to purchase illicit narcotics on the streets and in the dives of any large city, while many dance spots, aping their less swanky brethren, more or less openly provide their patrons with marijuana to break down inhibitions.

Traffic in narcotics is largely controlled by gangs who distribute the drugs to *big-men*, wholesalers who in turn supply the peddlers. These ped-

dlers are frequently racketeered by gangsters and even by their own *big-men* for the privilege of retail selling. Caught between a predatory underworld and the vicious shake-down tactics of local enforcement agencies, the peddler becomes a rather unscrupulous merchant. He works on commission, with a fixed scale of prices. His only recourse is to enlarge his clientele, which he does by skillfully and subtly spreading addiction among legitimate people, often unsuspecting youngsters, who soon find themselves "hooked" — sucked into the vortex of crime and degeneracy which almost inevitably accompanies addiction. Thus *gowsters* or underworld addicts are made, each, of necessity, turning to some form of crime to support his habit.

There are many popular fallacies regarding these addicts. Romantic films and fiction have traditionally associated them with the underworld. While it is indeed true that they populate a significant stratum of underworld life, they do not become "super-criminals." Most modern gangs,

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with their incredibly high degree of organization, do not tolerate addiction. Big-time criminals do not, as a rule, take dope to key them up for their work. The operators controlling most mobs watch carefully for addiction and speedily eliminate a member who acquires the habit.

Furthermore, the use of dope does not make a criminal dangerous, though some dangerous criminals have become addicted, usually while serving time. A survey of the police records of many hundreds of addicts shows that most of them subsist on small-time crime and very few of them commit crimes of violence; only the cocaine addict, when cornered, shows unusual courage, and this rarely. Usually when the addict is *on the mojo* (well supplied with drugs), he feels too good to molest anyone; when he is in a panic for dope, he is too miserable from tears, nausea, diarrhea and frustrated sex-impulses to become a serious menace. He seldom rises above the level of petty crime and almost never gets into the big-time rackets. He becomes a pariah, preyed upon mercilessly by others who can profit from his addiction.

II

Since the *gowster* lives in a more or less restricted world of his own, he has cultivated a certain peculiarity of speech known to the linguist as "argot," which constitutes a kind of semi-secret code of communication, and which differs considerably from

the lingo spoken by other professions within the underworld. It is clipped, cryptic, colorful. It changes rapidly, for as soon as a word is generally known outside the fraternity, it dies and another is coined to take its place. It reflects a good deal of the life of the addict, and, by implication, reveals something of his philosophy and psychology.

For instance, most gowsters begin as *joy-poppers*. That is, they are persuaded by a peddler, his agent, or another addict motivated solely by the missionary zeal which addiction breeds, to take an occasional *pleasure-jolt*. If the habit fails to take after considerable *joy-popping*, the prospect becomes a *student*. But the chances are that if the *student* applies himself for a time, he finds himself *picked up*, and soon learns just how much junk it takes to put him *in high*, and how much more it takes to keep him there. Since opiates tend to dry up all bodily secretions, the addict who fails to replenish the supply in his system develops severe withdrawal symptoms. Fluids are released from his body tissues in abnormal quantities. He sneezes; his eyes water profusely; he urinates copiously; diarrhea sets in; he is drenched with sweat; priapism may occur; he vomits up excessive gastric juices; he aches in every nerve and fibre and his bones pain him to the marrow. He cannot stop his tears; his nose itches; gooseflesh comes and goes like blushes over his entire body; his mind collapses in a nightmare of fear and panic. He is as miserable as any

human being is ever permitted to become. There is a *monkey on his back*. He is a *panic-man*; he *has a habit*. Once the peddler again supplies him with drugs, he proceeds to *smoke the habit off* and rapidly returns to normal. He's *hooked*.

Addicts obtain their drugs from three sources: the *peddler*, the *ice-tong doctor* (an abortionist who may also sell dope), and by converting mild narcotic compounds into potent narcotics. Sometimes the addict persuades a legitimate physician (*croaker*) to give him a shot or to give him a prescription for drugs; this is known as *making the croaker for a reader*.

Peddlers (*connections*) are the most common source for underworld addicts. Between them and their clients there is a kind of cynical trust. This relationship is so mutually fool-proof that it has developed a kind of specialized peddler-addict lingo. Before one can buy dope, he must *mark a connection* (locate a peddler) and establish his identity; then he may *score a connection* (make his purchase), sometimes also known as *mizaking the mizan*. Once he has *scored his connection*, he may be said to be *mezzony*; to you, "he has his money working." When a purchase is being consummated, the addict may say "*sizendizup*" to indicate that the coast is clear, and the peddler may reply "*rizolin*" to assure him that the order is being filled. Peddlers may be observed on the streets of most cities, cocaine capsules in one rolled-up shirt-cuff, morphine or heroin in the other; they ply their

trade openly, but with a deftness that is nothing short of marvelous. If one has insufficient identification to *score a connection* on his own, he may *get the go-by* from the dealer or he may *cut someone in* (share his ration with a known addict who makes the purchase for him). Peddlers are extremely wary in making a sale to strangers for they are *behind the gun*, that is, they must take the rap if they get caught; the *big-men* always have sound local political connections and assume no responsibility for their dealers.

A *copper* or a *stool* is an informer-addict who turns in other addicts by persuading them to sell part of their own rations, a feat not very difficult to perform because few addicts can resist the pleas of a *panic-man* for dope; most of them will share their last ration without question. *Stools* also make purchases from dealers and then turn them in. The *knockoff* is usually made by Federal agents, hated by addict and peddler alike, who are called *whiskers*, *gazers*, *uncles*, or *headache men*. The thing the addict fears most is *deadwood*, that is, being trapped by an agent posing as a panic-man who is said to *pay him off in gold* when he flashes his badge. When the addict is thus *guzzled* for violating the *poison-act*, he knows that the sensible thing to do is to *chill*, or submit to arrest quietly. Few of them show any tendency to fight, even though they face a term in Federal prison.

The *rations*—usually selling for \$1.00, though the price may vary—are indicated, according to the type of

drug involved, as *checks*, *decks*, *bindles*, *O's*, *cards*, *cubes*, *caps*, or *pieces*. The quantity of narcotic per *ration* is quite variable, depending on the type of drug, the extent of adulteration, the source, or the degree of "shaving" to which it has been subjected as it passes through the dealers or their agents. Shots of dope to be injected hypodermically are *geezers*, *bangs*, *shots*, *pops*, *jolts*, *fix-ups*. A half-size shot is a *bird's-eye*. A *short-piece* is a ration which has been shaved or otherwise reduced before it reaches the addict. Each specific branch of addiction has its own terminology.

III

The drugs most popular in the United States are opium, cocaine, morphine, heroin, laudanum and paregoric (an opium compound from which home-made opiates are derived). During the war, extensive but temporary traffic flourished in pantopon and dilaudid (usually obtained by raids on legitimate medical supplies) as well as barbiturates and various hypnotics, but these are not regularly used by the conditioned addict.

Some addicts believe they get more pleasure by sticking to one drug and developing a fine technique in its use. By carefully timing and placing their shots and by skillfully regulating the dosage, they achieve a state of more or less perpetual bliss; they learn to get what the drinking classes refer to as an "edge" and then hold it. Others stay on one type for a while, then

cultivate another, always in search of the perfect effect; they experiment with *skin-shooting* and *vein-shooting*, with internal solutions, with inhalation, with smoking. Still others, tiring of taking their pleasure straight, mix their shots with impressive abandon and with volcanic results; they go in for bizarre and exotic effects and, if one may believe some of their tales, it must be admitted that their experiences are anything but commonplace.

To non-addicts (*square-Johns* and *do-right people* to the junkies) perhaps the most romantic form of addiction is taking opium. Although this form is not so widespread as it was a generation ago, it is frequently still practised wherever Chinese gather. However, the characteristic odor of burning opium makes it increasingly difficult to conceal the existence of dens in thickly populated areas; some modern den-keepers have learned to hang sheets saturated with oil of wintergreen to mask the tell-tale odor.

Opium dens still operating in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans have numerous patrons of all races. The younger generation of Chinese addicts has learned from the whites to take its narcotics through the needle — a habit repellent to the older generation. Some addicts, especially those in small towns where there are no dens, dissolve old-fashioned gum-opium in alcohol or some other solvent, or drink laudanum, an opium solution. These are sometimes called *R.F.D. hop-heads*. As a result of Federal campaigns, however, the

smoking of opium appears to be on the wane.

In the argot of the addict, opium is *tar*, *mud*, *black-stuff* (in contrast to morphine which is *white-stuff*), *gum*, *O.*, or *hop*. A bundle of it is usually designated as a *card*, *check*, or *deck*, while a ration is a *pill*. The addicts are *cookies*, *pipe-smokers*, or *hop-heads*. The pipe — a long-stemmed, small-bowled instrument which holds a wad of opium about the size of a large pea — is a *gonger*, a *stem*, a *gong*, a *saxophone*, a *dream-stick*, a *hop-stick*, a *joy-stick*, a *bamboo*. A *stick* may be a home-made pipe consisting of a small bottle and a piece of rubber tubing.

When an addict is smoking, he is said to be *hitting the gong*, *kicking the gonger*, *beating the gong*, or *lying on his hip*. The *joint* or *den* is the place where a *yen* can be satisfied and the addict can sleep off the effects; if chances there for a *lay* are good, the addict may do business with the proprietor. The *lay-down*, or price of the *lay*, is paid in advance. In some joints the addict may bring his own *plant*, or supply of opium, while in others one must buy from the house — usually an inferior grade of stuff at exorbitant prices. Various grades of smoking opium include *Rooster Brand*, *San-Lo*, *Pen-Yen*, *Li-Yuen*.

The preparation of opium for smoking is known as *tchi-ing the pill* or *rolling the pill*. *Fun* (pronounced foon) or *yen-pok* is the name applied to the ration after it is prepared. Unless the smoker is an old-timer, this is done by the professional attendant

known as a *chef* or *cook*, who refers to the customer from then on as *yen-shee-kwoi* (sucker to you). The *chef* secures the *yen-pok* from the proprietor, who usually keeps it carefully secured in a small lock-box called a *toy*. He then carefully rolls the wad of black gum between his palms and impales it on the end of a long steel needle called a *yen-hok*. Meanwhile the addict has reclined on the floor; a cot, or in a bunk, depending on the elegance of the establishment, and takes the pipe in his mouth, turning on his side so that the chef may do his work. The chef deftly turns the spitted *pill* over an alcohol lamp so that it broils and sputters; when it is ready to burst into volatile gases, he thrusts it onto the pipe. The addict inhales slowly and deeply the one large puff of smoke which the *ration* produces. Then his troubles are over — until the morning after. Some addicts, of course, require more than one ration to put them out, and techniques vary somewhat in the way the drug is administered. Many skilled addicts do not sleep at all, but experience only a mild sense of well-being.

Chefs are usually notorious rascals, addicted themselves, and always alert to *make* an addict for his *plant*. If they think they can get away with it, they always *make green-ashes* — that is, prevent the opium from burning completely, and after the customer is out, comb the ashes with their needles to pick up the *yen-shee* or unburned gum, which is refined and resold. They are also frugal. As soon

as the customer has finished his pipe, they take from their *layout* a *suey-pow* (sponge) and cool the bowl and stem of the pipe, and with a *yen-shee-gow* (a small cup-shaped scraper) they remove the bits of opium which have precipitated in the stem. Then they systematically go through the addict's pockets for bits of money, watches, or caches of dope.

Opium addicts, like all dope-fiends, eventually go to pieces, and are called *thin-hips* perhaps because of their peculiarly atrophied hips. Then, if they are broke, they always manifest a *bunk-yen* — the tendency to hang around a *fun-joint* even though they haven't the price of a *lay*.

IV

Although opium smoking is still regarded as the most romantic form of addiction — perhaps because of echoes of the Barbary Coast — it is by no means the most common. For every opium addict in America there are a hundred who use cocaine, morphine, or heroin. These drugs may be taken internally either through the stomach or by direct inhalation into the lungs, or they may be injected hypodermically. Cocaine inhalers, called *snifters*, are quite common among Negroes. The drug is known as *C.*, *happy-dust*, *snow*, *heaven-dust*; *bernice* or *burnese* is cocaine crystallized for *blowing* or inhalation into the lungs. The addict sniffs the crystals from a cigarette paper which he holds against his nose and the drug is partly swallowed,

partly absorbed by the mucous membranes of the bronchial system. To *go on a sleighride*, to *go coasting*, or to *float*, is to inhale *bernice* with the consequent exhilaration, a voluptuous, almost sexual glow which suffuses the entire body and concentrates in the finger-tips. This form of indulgence is held in great contempt by experienced addicts who say that the snifter is "wasting it" — because he uses so much more than is necessary to get the same effect through the needle.

Indeed, most American addicts take their pleasure through the needle, and argot terms for it are legion. Some of the more common are *spike*, *gun*, *artillery*, *joint*, *nail*, *Bay-state*, *Luer*. If the addict is unable to obtain a regulation hypodermic needle, he may construct an *emergency-gun* from a safety-pin and a medicine dropper. The flesh is punctured by the pin, secured to the dropper, which is then used to force the fluid into the body. If the addict does not have a whole *joint*, but carries only the hollow needle (in times of stress concealed in a *bundle* secured to the rear side of the scrotum by a rubber band) with him, he may make a very serviceable home-made gun by padding out the end of a dropper with a *ghee*, *gee* or *gee-rag* skillfully composed of cigarette paper and thread to prevent the entrance of air bubbles. However, most *gowsters* seem to be strangely impervious to foreign matter introduced into the blood stream; hardened addicts pump through their hearts splinters from bootleg dope, bits of grit, countless

bacteria, foreign chemical substances, and quantities of solid particles suspended in undistilled water. A few bubbles of fresh air should do them no harm.

The injection of dope — morphine is the most widely used, but cocaine and heroin are also often taken hypodermically — is usually preceded by a process called *cooking*. That is, the ration (varying in size according to the stage of addiction) is dissolved in a spoonful of water which is heated to approximately blood-temperature by holding a match under it. Then it is filtered through a wad of cotton as it is drawn up into the needle. If the addict shoots the solution directly into his blood stream he says he is taking a *shot in the arm* or a *bang in the arm*. If he fires the stuff between the skin and the muscle-tissues, giving a mild and delayed effect compared with the *vein-shot* so coveted by the conditioned addict, he is taking a *skin-shot*. These are favored by the amateur and the beginner; but the old-timer prefers to bind a string around his arm, tightening it with his teeth until the vein just below the elbow pops out so that he can hit it with the hypodermic, then pump the narcotic directly into the *main-line* or vein. Almost immediately upon release of the string, this shot moves to the heart and brain, where the repercussions are terrific. This sensation, known to medicine as *euphoria*, is called by the addict a *jaboff*.

The effects of cocaine I have mentioned. *Vein-shooting* intensifies these.

When morphine — known to the fraternity as *Old Steve*, *Racehorse Charlie*, *white-nurse*, *sweet-stuff*, *sugar*, *God's medicine*, *white-stuff*, *M.*, or *lent* — is used, the reactions vary widely with the systemic resistance of the subject, the duration of his addiction, and the size and timing of the shot. But many morphine addicts agree that the most fascinating effects are a phenomenal clarity of mind, a microscopic sense of time and distance, a complete disappearance of all sexual desires, and a sense of well-being which borders on ecstasy. They are reincarnated in a world of their own choosing.

If the underworld feels it desirable to eliminate a *gowster* who unfortunately knows too much, he is slipped a *hot-shot* which is cyanide or other fast-working poison concealed in a ration of dope. Usually it is not necessary for the underworld to eliminate its derelicts by deliberate act. Once the *gowster* can no longer support his habit, he ends his life miserably among the dregs and residue of his half-world — the victim of a vicious and relentless criminal syndicate which has deliberately lured him, through his own weakness, to crime, degeneracy, suffering and destruction. It is anything but a romantic life.

Moral: let the stuff alone. But, if you are a fairly normal person, you won't be attracted; and if you have the peculiar social and psychological inadequacies which make for addiction, nothing that I can say will deter you from its lure.

THE EARLY DAYS OF VAUDEVILLE

By JOE LAURIE, JR.

IT is not difficult to trace the genealogy of modern vaudeville. As far back as the eighteenth century, America had variety shows which featured one or two persons playing "concert dates." By the beginning of the nineteenth century, larger traveling groups were organized as "circus shows," offering variety performances by jugglers, singers, dancers, comic monologists, ventriloquists and magicians.

An advertisement appearing in the New York *Post* on January 17, 1827, accurately summarizes "show-business" of that era:

MOUNT PITT CIRCUS, Grand St. opposite Harman St. The public are respectfully informed that this establishment having been completed and ornamented by *Mr. P. Grain* and Assistants, will be opened on Easter Monday, April 16, with a variety of interesting Equestrian and theatrical performances, and a new and interesting Ballet, the particulars of which will be hereafter announced. A new splendid Drop Scene, being a view of the city and harbour of New York from Weehawk Hill, painted by *Mr. Jones*, will be exhibited. The stage has been extended,

and some new and beautiful scenery prepared; a number of valuable performers have been engaged; a ballet corps has been formed; and entire new wardrobe made up; and a succession of Melo Dramas and Ballets will be produced in the most splendid style, and no expense will be spared to render this establishment as superior in attraction, as it is in magnitude to any other in this country. Tickets may be obtained at the Box Office on Saturday and Monday next from 10 to 3 o'clock.

The above performance consisted of:

Comic song by *Mr. Sommerville*. Sports of the ring by the Company. Song by *Mr. Eberle*. Horsemanship by *Mr. Turner*. Slack wire by *Mr. Pullis*. The Beautiful Horse, Romeo. Sailor's hornpipe by *Mr. Richards*. *Mr. Madden* will perform with cups, balls, daggers, etc. Horsemanship by *Master Laforest*. Grand Trampoline by *Mr. Austin*. Ground and lofty tumbling by the whole troupe. To conclude with *The Magic Pie* or *The Two Philosophers*. Moodle, *Mr. Patnall*; Doodle, *Mr. Herbert*; Maria, *Mrs. Herbert*.

During the Civil War a number of the larger cities had variety theatres whose players were largely borrowed from minstrel shows. The acts con-

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sisted mainly of blackface specialties, singers, dancers, bone players, comedy and musical acts, with circus acts as an added attraction. Variety soon became extremely popular, and there were many theatres all over the country offering that form of entertainment. Store shows and museums had variety acts; so did saloons and beer gardens, free and easies. Some were in basements and cellars. America became "variety"-conscious. Hitchcock's on Canal Street, George Lea's Melodeon on Grand Street and the Chinese Museum on Broadway were the better-class theatres of that time — and the cradle of the future headliners!

Anybody that could sing or dance or do a "specialty" started in "buskin." I have heard and read many definitions of the term "buskin," but my own opinion is that it originated with sailors who frequented these places. Buskin was taken from a nautical term *busk*, which means "to cruise as a pirate; to search everywhere; to beat about" — and that is exactly what the erstwhile performers did in those days. They "cruised" everywhere to find a place to sell their talents. A saloon was the natural place to go, as usually there were a number of good-natured men gathered there who were willing to spend a few cents for enjoyment. A "busker" would get up and sing a song or do a dance and then "pass the hat" or get "throw money" (money thrown at him by the customers). If he was well received, the saloon-keeper would hire

him for a nominal sum and "peck and pad" (eat and sleep) him. The meals consisted mainly of liquid refreshment. The actor would usually get into debt to his boss and the latter would have to keep him on a few extra weeks so that he could get his money back.

These impromptu stage entertainments helped business. Some of the larger places added "boxes" and a stage as well as some gambling tables. These were called "free and easies" — a term which is self-explanatory — and were the forerunner of the present-day cabaret. Some of them charged admission, adding "hostesses" who "worked the boxes." These lassies would sit with the customers and drink with them. In return, they received a "check" for every drink ordered, which was their commission, and which they would cash in at the end of the night. A "blue check gal" was one who could convince a man to buy wine; a white check gal was a "beer gal." To make the girls more attractive to the "Johns" the owner would have them dressed in soubrette costumes, short skirt and low neck, and have them open the show with a song and a simple dance. This made them "actresses" — and hence more desirable.

The girls soon realized that they could make more money singing a song than sitting with a "John" all night urging him to buy wine. Their percentage of sales was very small; about 20 per cent for wine, and a smaller percentage for liquor and beer.

They would tell their friends not to spend their money on liquor but to throw the money to them while they were on the stage singing. In that way the girls collected more with much less effort. But the owners soon got wise to what was going on and passed a rule that all money thrown on the stage would be collected by *them* and that the girls would get 20 per cent of the "take." That ended one of the first theatrical rackets.

The "free and easies" were a great school for the performers, who had to do twenty shows a day. As long as there was a customer buying, he had to be entertained. The comedians wrote their own stuff; the song-and-dance men created new steps. The show usually consisted of song-and-dance men, musical mokes, two-men talking acts, and an after-piece, in which the entire company would take part. These after-pieces would usually be ad-libbed, the performers saying and doing anything they pleased as long as they stuck to the thread of the plot. Some of these after-pieces became vaudeville classics in later years. Denman Thompson, who starred in *The Old Homestead* for over thirty years, took this wholesome drama from an after-piece (a very "dirty" one, by the way, which he did for many years) called *The Bathing Beauties*.

Many of the "girls" who made their débuts as hostesses became very good performers; some of them became stars. Girls who married the actors in the shows would do a "double act" which they would play in the regular

variety houses or in the "wine rooms." There is no reason to mention the many couples that started in show-business in this humble way and later became great stars. But there are a number still around who are happily married to their partners of the old "free and easy" days and who have raised fine families.

The best of the "wine rooms" and "free and easies" at that time was Harry Hill's, on Houston and Crosby Streets. He conducted boxing contests, Indian Club swinging contests and bag punching in addition to the regular bill of song, dance, drama and comedy. Owney Gagan's at Bowery and Hester Streets, would stage boxing bouts, and Owney would invariably "knock out" all comers. It was later discovered he had a small horseshoe in his glove.

Jake Berrie's Variety on Greenwich Street, the Alhambra at 124 West 27th Street, Spencer's at Bowery and Houston Streets were a few of the outstanding beer gardens of that day; McGurk's was another "free and easy" where one could get anything from a punch in the nose to a song and dance. It was at this place that Tommy Blake, a singing waiter, originated the idea of putting sawdust in his pockets. When anybody would slip him a tip for singing a favorite song, he would put the money in his pocket, instead of in a co-operative "kitty." Because of the sawdust, the boss and the other waiters couldn't hear the jingle of the coins. Bartenders soon copied this ingenious idea, too.

II

It was on July 31, 1865, that Antonio Pastor, a singing clown from the circus, decided that variety should have a real theatre which could be frequented by ladies and gentlemen. On that day he opened up Tony Pastor's Opera House at 199-201 Bowery. This was the gas-light era, and the odor of gas would permeate the auditorium before a stage-hand could come out to light one by one the jets that were turned on simultaneously. This noxious odor, mingled with that of oranges, apples, cigars, pipes and cigarette smoke would be present throughout the greater part of the show. But the audience didn't mind it a bit. Nor did the actors ever complain about gas hurting their voices, for in those days they received small salaries and had no temperament; besides, they were used to smoke, smells and noises from the "free and easies" and "wine rooms."

Tony Pastor's was a big hit and in 1878 he moved from the Bowery to 585-587 Broadway, which was known as Took's Metropolitan Theatre before Tony changed it to Tony Pastor's New Theatre. His Bowery Theatre became Paul Falk's Garden and in turn the well-known People's Theatre. Pastor's was a hit on Broadway and in a few years he took over Dan Bryant's Minstrel Hall, which was in the Tammany Hall Building on 14th Street, and called it Pastor's. Dan Bryant moved his minstrel troupe to Sixth Avenue and 23rd Street. This

later became the famous Koster and Bial's.

It was at Tony Pastor's on 14th Street that many of the later stars of America wrote their names in gold on the scrolls of vaudeville. For now, the variety performer decided to concentrate on one particular specialty instead of doing three or four. It was thus they laid the foundation for the vaudeville that was to become America's greatest entertainment. These men and women were copied and improved upon, but they still hold the golden badge of originality. Tony Pastor was prospering — taking his variety shows on the road in the off-season and playing his 14th Street Theatre during the regular season. An outstanding showman, he was one of the first to import acts from Europe. He seldom made a contract with a performer; his word was his bond. If he liked an act, he would just say, "Come in any time you have an open week." And when the act showed up without notice, Tony would say, "O.K. Give your music to Mike." Mike Bernard was the one-man orchestra, a wizard at the piano, who received more applause for his overtures than some of the people on the bill for their acts. Many acts would stay for months at a time at Pastor's. Bonnie Thornton, Maude Raymond, Annie Hart, Maggie Cline and Vesta Victoria once ran all season there. The prices were from twenty-five cents up to \$1.50 with but two matinees a week. The shows consisted of a first part, middle acts and after-pieces.

Tony would always do a comic song or ballad. Most of the artists would take part in the after-pieces.

It was at this time that Benjamin Franklin Keith laid the cornerstone of the greatest vaudeville circuit in the world as well as starting great fortunes for many people. He had a small dime museum in a Boston store where he first started exhibiting a premature Negro baby who weighed four pounds. He also had curios and relics from the Greeley Relief Expedition to the Arctic. When the Negro baby died, he installed other attractions, including variety actors.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith also conducted a boarding house, where they fed the "talent." Soon the store became too small for the business he was doing, and he built the Bijou Theatre, the earliest really first-class vaudeville theatre in America. It was in 1889 that he built the Bijou Theatre in Philadelphia, and in 1893 came to New York City and rebuilt the old Union Square

Theatre as Keith's Union Square Theatre.

Keith hired Mr. J. Austin Fynes, who was dramatic critic of the New York *Sun* and also one-time editor of the *Clipper*, a theatrical trade paper, as his manager. The great showmanship, contacts and foresight of Mr. Fynes made vaudeville the nation's amusement. He was the first to get the great legitimate stars of that time to play vaudeville, which they had always considered very undignified. The fantastic salaries he offered soon made the legitimate actor reconsider being undignified.

The competition was too much for Tony Pastor with his tiny house. He could not buck Keith's which was a much larger and more beautiful theatre, plus an attractive ten-twenty-three cent admission price. Tony lingered on a while, but in 1908 he decided to EXIT LAUGHINGLY — in the tradition of all good vaudevillians when the going gets too difficult.



Manners —

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in.

— EDMUND BURKE

THOMAS BLOOD: MASTER ROGUE

BY CHARLES A. KING, JR.

IF THE most daring and reckless crook alive today were to suggest stealing the crown jewels of England, he would be considered a raving lunatic. However, that is exactly what a seventeenth-century crook did. And not only did he carry off the British crown jewels from the Tower of London in broad daylight, but except for a single unforeseen accident he might have succeeded in escaping with the booty.

The name of this man is authentically recorded as Thomas Blood, or Colonel Thomas Blood. It is one of the vagaries of history that the exploits of lesser scoundrels like Dick Turpin and Captain Hind have been celebrated in story, song and legend, while the deeds of so colorful a rogue as Blood have been almost completely forgotten.

Blood was the son of an Irish blacksmith, and was born probably in 1618. His father was in comfortable circumstances, part owner of an iron foundry and able to provide a good education for his son.

The early years of young Blood's manhood witnessed the outbreak of the bloody Civil War in England.

Though little is known of his life at this time, it is believed that Blood first joined the Royalist forces, but, seeing the latter were doomed to defeat, he soon found it convenient to change sides. As an officer in the Parliamentary armies he displayed so much skill and zeal in hunting down Cavaliers that Cromwell rewarded him with large estates in Ireland and made him a justice of the peace.

Blood's career as a wealthy country gentleman came to an abrupt end, however, when Charles II was restored to the throne after the death of Cromwell. Blood was promptly deprived of his office and estates, and found himself possessed of nothing but a consuming hatred of the government and a brain no less keen because of his years of rustic ease.

Many of the former Cromwellians sought to mend their shattered fortunes by currying favor with the new régime; not so Colonel Blood. He immediately associated himself with a number of other disaffected persons, as desperate as himself, who gladly acclaimed him their leader. His scheming brain quickly conceived a plan for striking a heavy blow at his enemies.

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In cleverness and sheer audacity, this plot was a worthy forerunner of those later undertakings that were to make Blood's name famous. He planned, at one stroke, to capture Dublin Castle and to carry off the Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

It was arranged that several of the conspirators, disguised as petitioners for the Duke's favor, were to assemble in the castle courtyard on the appointed day, while some eighty other conspirators dressed as laborers were to wait just outside the gates. Upon the appearance of Ormond, one of Blood's men, carrying a basket of bread, was to stumble and upset his basket. A scramble for the loaves would ensue, and during the resulting confusion the pretended petitioners would attack and disarm the soldiers on guard, seize the Duke and make themselves masters of the castle.

So carefully had Blood worked out the details that, had the authorities remained in ignorance of the plot, it could hardly have failed to be completely successful. Luckily for Ormond, one of the conspirators was a coward; he became frightened and confessed the whole story to the Duke. The latter acted swiftly. A few hours before the attempt was to be made, the conspirators' house was surrounded and most of them were arrested, though Blood managed to escape. His captured associates were tried and convicted of high treason and, in spite of a daring attempt by Blood and several friends to rescue

them at the very foot of the gallows, they were hanged.

Making his way under cover of night into the Irish hills, and traveling in disguise — often in that of a priest — Blood was able to elude the Duke's searching parties, and the large reward offered for his apprehension went unclaimed. Later, when the chase grew too hot, he managed to take ship for Holland.

II

But Blood was too active a person, both physically and mentally, to be content for long in the placid atmosphere of The Hague. Returning to England, he joined in the plots of the Fifth Monarchy Men, and other discontented factions which were planning to overthrow the government. His intelligence, skill and bravery made him the chosen leader in every venture. So great was his success and fame that the harassed authorities spared no effort to apprehend him. Disguised today as a Quaker, tomorrow as a peasant or merchant, he passed almost at will between England and Ireland, leaving behind him a record of daring and desperate deeds.

One of his most noted exploits during this period was the rescue of his friend, Captain Mason, who was being transported under escort of an officer and eight soldiers, from London to York, to stand trial at the Assizes. Blood, with three companions, managed by a stratagem to separate the

guards and attack the divided forces with such fury that three were killed. The remainder were glad to seek safety in flight and leave their prisoner in Blood's hands. Although wounded four times, and with a reward of £500 on his head, Blood made good his escape, successfully eluding the numerous searching parties that scoured the countryside. For some time after, he lived quietly in Kent, passing himself off as a Dr. Allen until ready to emerge from retirement.

Learning that his old enemy, the Duke of Ormond was in London to take part in some court festivities, Blood determined upon an audacious and sensational revenge. With never-failing confidence, he planned to kidnap the powerful Duke in the heart of London and hang him upon the common gibbet for felons at Tyburn.

With Blood, to plan was to act. Assisted by five companions, including his son-in-law, Thomas Hunt, he waylaid the Duke's coach one dark night as it was passing through Saint James Street. Quickly dispersing the six footmen and the coachman, Blood and Hunt dragged the Duke from his carriage, mounted him on a horse, and buckled his body to that of the rider. The whole party then sped away toward Tyburn, Blood and Hunt galloping on in advance in order to arrange the rope on the gallows.

In thus leaving his prisoner, Blood made a fatal mistake. The other ruffians were ordinary rogues, already frightened half out of their wits by fear of the possible consequences of

the mad crime upon which they had embarked. The Duke, on the other hand, although he was old and portly, was as brave and resourceful as Blood himself. As soon as Blood and Hunt dashed away, he threw his arms about the horseman to whom he was buckled, and struggled so violently that they both fell off the horse, with the Duke underneath.

Meanwhile the coachman — who appears to have been a bold fellow — had cut one of the coach horses from the traces, mounted it, and started in hot pursuit of the party. He and a number of citizens who had been attracted by the uproar arrived as the Duke and his captor were struggling in the mud of the roadway. Seeing capture imminent, the villains quickly mounted, fired a hasty volley from their pistols at the Duke and escaped in the darkness. Fortunately the ruffians' aim was poor; except for a few bruises, the old nobleman's chief injuries were to his pride and dignity.

All England now rang with the fame of Blood's exploits. The increased reward offered for his capture only served to augment his ever-growing renown. The court favorites composed verses commemorating the kidnaping of Ormond, which admirably fanned the flame of the Duke's fury.

III

In the meantime, the master rogue was lying quietly hidden in Kent. Far from being daunted by the mis-carriage of his daring design, he was

engaged in working out the details of a still more audacious enterprise by which he hoped to repair his broken fortunes. This scheme involved nothing less than the theft from the Tower of London of the royal regalia of England — crown, ball and sceptre.

That massive pile of masonry on the bank of the Thames, known as the Tower of London, had served in turn as fortress, prison for political offenders and royal residence. In 1671 it was used chiefly as a barracks; one extremity, called Wakefield Tower, served as repository for the crown jewels. No safer place for the treasure could be imagined, for not only were troops stationed there, but the dark and tragic history of the ancient fortress had impregnated its very stones with a feeling of authority and irresistible strength.

Blood's plan was as cunning as it was bold. Some three weeks before the date set for the attempt, a clergyman, clad in the long cloak, cassock and canonical girdle of the Anglican Church, presented himself at that part of the Tower where the crown jewels were kept. He was accompanied by a modest-appearing young woman whom he called his wife. Under the existing regulations, visitors were allowed to view the crown at certain hours in the presence of the custodian, Mr. Edwards. The clergyman introduced himself as a country pastor visiting London, and requested that his wife be permitted to look at the crown. After admiring the gem-encrusted emblem, the worthy couple

were about to leave when the woman was suddenly seized with a violent pain and appeared on the point of fainting. The sympathetic Edwards hospitably invited her to rest a while in his living quarters, which were located above the strong room in which the jewels were kept. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and the stricken lady was placed in the care of Mrs. Edwards, under whose ministrations she quickly recovered. Meanwhile, the minister had carried on such an entertaining conversation with Edwards that the latter viewed his departure with genuine regret. The couple were most profuse in their thanks, and finally left with a promise to call again. The pretended clergyman was Blood; the woman was a female accomplice.

Blood did not allow his acquaintance with the Edwards family to languish. Three days later, he called with a present of four pairs of fine gloves for Mrs. Edwards; and thereafter, "overwhelmed with the great kindness that had been shown his devoted wife," he made frequent visits.

The worthy clergyman soon proposed a plan to his benefactors that could leave no doubt as to his gratitude. "You have," he said, "a pretty, modest young gentlewoman for your daughter, and it happens that I have a wealthy young nephew whom I desire to have marry and settle down. If you approve, I will bring him to see your daughter and we will endeavor to make a match of it."

Old Edwards, flattered by the thought of a wealthy country gentleman for a son-in-law, readily agreed to the plan, insisting that the pretended parson remain for dinner. Blood readily accepted the invitation, and upon coming to the table volunteered to say grace before the meal. This ritual he performed "with singular devotion and much lifting up of eyes," concluding his long-winded blessing with a prayer for the King, Queen and Royal Family.

After a hearty dinner, Blood, learning that Edwards possessed a handsome pair of pistols, insisted on buying them at an exceedingly generous price. "Although I myself," he stated unctuously, "shudder at the mere sight of these carnal weapons, yet I have a worldly young friend who has long wanted a case of pistols of this particular design, and I am minded to make him a present of them." The credulous Edwards agreed after a brief hesitation. And Blood, having thus disarmed the household, piously blessed the whole company, and took his leave.

IV

The time set for the visit of the good clergyman and his nephew was seven in the morning, which, needless to say, was also the very hour when the daring attempt was to be made to steal the jewels. The dutiful parson had just learned—so he told Edwards—that he was compelled to leave London that morning in order

to minister to a sick member of his flock; hence, the meeting must be at the unusually early hour of seven. Incidentally, there was little likelihood that any other person would be in the vicinity at such an early hour.

The reverend gentleman was on hand promptly at the appointed time, accompanied by his "nephew" and two other men, one of whom was left at the outer door to guard against interference. These worthies, Parrot, Hunt and Holloway, were all heavily armed, each having a dagger and a pair of pistols concealed under his cloak. Old Edwards welcomed his guests effusively and explained that his daughter would join the party shortly.

Blood had calculated everything with the utmost nicety; he had even relied upon a delay in the girl's appearance, because of her desire to seem properly modest and shy in receiving her gallant. He therefore asked Edwards to show his friends the crown in order to pass time while they were waiting. And, in spite of the early hour, the unsuspecting custodian hastened to oblige.

No sooner had the party entered the strong room where the jewels were kept, and the door, as usual, closed behind them, than one of the men threw a cloak over Edwards' head while the others quickly overpowered him and clapped a gag in his mouth. The mock parson gruffly informed the old man that they were determined to have the jewels; if he did as he was told, his life would be spared,

otherwise he would be slain without mercy.

Though Edwards had played the fool, he was not a coward. He hurled himself at Blood, but was immediately knocked down by a blow from a wooden mallet, and was stabbed by another ruffian. Believing him dead, the robbers did not bother to tie his hands but, snatching his keys, quickly opened the great jewel case and seized the regalia. Blood secreted the crown under his cloak; Parrot, another of the conspirators, put the globe in his pocket; and the third robber began filing the sceptre in two so that he could conceal the pieces on his person.

But at this point Fate took a hand in the game. Old Edwards had a son who was a soldier serving in the campaign in Flanders. Returning to England on leave, he arrived at the Tower to visit his parents just at the moment when Blood was committing his daring robbery.

When the young man approached the door, Blood's sentry endeavored to stop him, but the former, not recognizing the man and fearing something was wrong, dashed him aside and entered. While young Edwards was greeting his mother and sister upstairs, the sentry managed to warn Blood and his companions. Knowing they would soon be discovered, they at once hastened away, taking with them the crown and globe and the great ruby from the head of the sceptre. The sceptre itself had to be left behind because they did not have time to finish filing it in two.

V

The intrepid Blood, however, was not destined to escape with the royal loot. The older Edwards recovered consciousness just as the robbers fled and, managing to loosen the gag, began to cry out, "Treason! murder!" His family, hearing his cries, came running down to find the old man lying in a pool of blood. "The crown has been stolen," he gasped. His son, running to the door, was in time to see Blood and his accomplices already past the main guard and hastening toward the drawbridge that spanned the moat about the Tower. Young Edwards immediately gave chase, shouting "Stop the rogues!", and was quickly joined by others including a Captain Beckman, who chanced to be in the vicinity.

Meanwhile the sentinel at the inner entrance to the drawbridge, hearing the alarm, endeavored to halt the fugitives; but Blood fired a pistol at him and the soldier fell. Dashing across the bridge, they bore down on the sentinel at the outer entrance, ran free of the Tower and out onto the wharf beyond. From there they made all possible haste toward their horses, Blood yelling "Stop the rogues!", which, together with his canonical garb, caused the few persons they met to think that the minister and his companions were leading the pursuit.

A considerable number of soldiers and civilians had by now joined the chase, but it was Captain Beckman's sprinting ability that finally effected

Blood's downfall. Outdistancing his companions, he dashed up to the robbers just as they reached their horses. Blood whirled and discharged his remaining pistol at the officer; the latter ducked and, as the bullet whistled over his head, threw himself upon his assailant. Blood resisted desperately but he was so hampered by his long cloak and the crown that he still carried that he was unable to break free.

The main body of the posse now arrived and seized Parrot, who had halted in momentary indecision when his leader was attacked. Hunt and the others mounted and dashed away, but a passing cart so completely blocked the way that before they could get past they were set upon by the crowd and dragged from their horses.

All the booty was found on the robbers except a few gems which had been loosened from the crown in the struggle between Blood and Beckman, and most of these were later recovered. The conspirators were lodged in the Tower gaol, where Blood maintained an air of insolent arrogance, remarking: "It was a gallant attempt, though unsuccessful, for it was for a crown."

About this time, the Duke of Buckingham — sworn enemy of Ormond — suggested to the King that it would be amusing to interview the rascal who had the audacity to try to steal the crown jewels of England. The

"Merry Monarch," always in search of some new amusement, readily fell in with the suggestion. Hence, Colonel Blood, instead of being haled to Execution Dock, found himself summoned to Whitehall for an audience with the King.

Upon being brought before the King, he told his story with such a shrewd mixture of frankness and reticence, self-reliant boldness and respectful homage, that Charles II, in high good humor, swore "he had never encountered so entertaining a rogue."

The result of this interview far surpassed Buckingham's hopes, and drove Ormond half-mad with fury. Not only did the King pardon Blood, but he restored to him his Irish estates valued at £5000 a year!

For a decade thereafter Blood lived in London, frequenting the fashionable coffee houses, and occasionally appearing at court. His lawless days were over, and he died quietly in his bed on August 24, 1680.

Of this extraordinary man one of his friends wrote: "He was, indeed, a hunter of forbidden game, but always in royal parks and forests; crowns, sceptres and governments were his booty; and the surprising of castles and viceroys his recreation."

A fitting epitaph for the man who almost succeeded in stealing the crown jewels of England.



THE LIBRARY

Notes on Current American Prose Writers

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

AFTER eighteen years as editor of the *New York Times Book Review*, Mr. J. Donald Adams apparently decided it was high time he wrote books and articles of his own, and the result thus far has been very good indeed. His first book of criticism, *The Shape of Things To Come*, published last year, was one of the very few such books written in the past ten years worthy of mature attention. He has also been writing a weekly column, "Speaking of Books," in the *Times Book Review*, and selecting poems and prose excerpts for reprinting on the same page. As a matter of fact this page is often the most profitable to read in the entire magazine. Mr. Adams has now brought together some of these prose excerpts, added many more, and arranged them all in a very handy volume, *The Treasure Chest, An Anthology of Contemplative Prose*.¹ It is easily one of the most satisfying of all the many anthologies that have appeared lately.

Mr. Adams has obviously read widely, deeply, and with a sharp eye for the truly profound and the beautiful. His selections, which are chiefly

from English and American writers, are seldom more than a page long, often not more than half a page, but nearly all of them are true gems that stand up by themselves in all their splendor. Mr. Adams is interested in every aspect of human endeavor but especially in the arts and philosophy. He quotes William Hazlitt's magnificent tribute to Coleridge in *Lectures on the English Poets*:

He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort; but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of his imagination lifted him from off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like the pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them, he lifted philosophy to heaven.

Of course he offers several specimens, all of them superlative, of Coleridge's thought. He includes John Keats' axioms of poetry, which have seldom been reprinted in a book intended for popular consumption:

I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess, and not by singularity; It should

¹\$2.50, Dutton.

strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance. . . . If poetry comes not as naturally as the leaves to a tree, it had better not come at all.

And there are excellent paragraphs from other English writers — John Locke, Swift, Joseph Addison, Sir Richard Steele, Samuel Johnson, David Hume, Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon, A. E. Housman, to mention only some — but nearly always the selections are not the hackneyed ones, but fresh and arresting in wisdom or graciousness of expression.

II

The truly eminent Americans are all here, too. Emerson and Thoreau are represented most fully, and that is as it should be. It was the custom among the loud-mouthed and temporarily influential critics of twenty and fifteen years ago, to sneer at Emerson as a vacuum and to be sorry for Thoreau. A wiser generation has rightly come to look upon both as among the chief glories of American letters. Mr. Adams is especially happy in his selections from Thoreau, that strange combination of St. Francis and Dean Swift:

The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work.

And this lyrical outburst, also by Thoreau:

There is nothing so sanative, so poetic, as a walk in the woods and fields even now, when I meet none abroad for pleasure. Nothing so inspires me and excites such serene and profitable thought. The objects are elevating. In the street and in society I am almost invariably mean. No amount of gold or respectability would in the least redeem it — dining with the Governor or a member of Congress! But alone in distant woods or fields, in unpretending sprout-lands or pastures tracked by rabbits, even in a bleak and, to most, cheerless day, like this, when a villager would be thinking of his inn, I come to myself, I once more feel myself grandly related, and that cold and solitude are friends of mine. I suppose that this value, in my case, is equivalent to what others get by church-going and prayer. I come to my solitary woodland walk as the homesick go home. I thus dispose of the superfluous and see things as they are, grand and beautiful.

Mr. Adams quotes from more recent American writers too. Two of his selections from the editorial page of his own paper, Edward M. Kingsbury's obituary of Edison and Robert L. Duffus' elegy upon Dunkerque (June 1, 1940) are excellent. So is his selection from Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath* on how women watch their men — "Women and children knew deep in themselves that no misfortune was too great to bear if their men were whole."

III

Contemporary American literature, however, is not represented at great length in this volume; some of the

pieces chosen, indeed, are perhaps more expressions of Mr. Adams' generous heart than judicious critical taste. Why there is such a scarcity of contemplative passages in current American books is a problem that raises fundamental questions regarding all our literary works. It is truly discouraging how poor in content so many of the better books are nowadays.

The short story has fallen upon evil days since Sherwood Anderson put the finishing touches upon his last magnificent tale, "Death in the Woods." John O'Hara and most of the others of his group write merchandise of a high sort — snippy, slightly cynical pieces about worthless or befuddled people who seldom reveal more than an iota of the silent misery which rocks them. As for Saroyan, try to re-read almost any of his pieces and judge for yourself. He persists in writing like a devout choir boy; it takes a little more of the sense of the tragedy of life to create enduring art. There remains Hemingway, who seems to boast of his lack of contemplation. He is proud of the fidelity of his stories to "real" life. But how "real" are the characters in "The Killers" or even "Twenty Grand"? The dialogue in them startles one on first reading, but it is remarkable how little the men as people stick in the mind. If they are remembered at all, they vaguely resemble motion picture heroes. Mr. Hemingway still hasn't learned that there is more to people than blood and thunder and sex — and that even

prize fighters and matadors are people.

Of the novel, alas, even less can be said than of the short story. The last one with a semblance of size was Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. It is overwritten, perhaps, but the men and women in it laugh and cry and quarrel and love and are so vivid they almost leap at the reader — which is more than can be said of, say, the works of Glenway Westcott or other best-sellers hailed by the fashionable critics. John Dos Passos? He is basically a man of fragments; since *Three Soldiers*, a vastly over-rated book, he has not put even half a man or woman on paper. James T. Farrell? Is he a writer at all? Why should a tedious, atrociously written pulp serial story about the lowly people of Chicago be considered anything but pulp? There is more to realism than wallowing in the degradation of the heavy laden and sore beset. There must also be understanding and pity, an eye for humor even in a gutter, an ear for melody even in tumble-down shacks. Maxim Gorki was a realist, too, but how different from Mr. Farrell! As for Sinclair Lewis, all of his major books since *Arrowsmith* have been a cause for national embarrassment.

Again there is Hemingway. *A Farewell to Arms* almost created a character, Catherine Barcley. But *For Whom The Bell Tolls* is one of the most juvenile love stories in all contemporary literature. It is little more than a series of vulgar comic strips — and the confused social message about Spain only compounds the vulgarity.

It is appalling how little Hemingway knows about women, the sex relation, and mature emotion in general. How much more the quiet author of *The Scarlet Letter* knew!

These remarks, of course, do not explain the lack of contemplation in our literature. But perhaps they clarify the problem. The preoccupation of our writers with outward facts of character and with the more obvious elements of sex has produced very little in the way of sound literature. Thackeray and Jane Austen and Tolstoy and Nathaniel Hawthorne

and Herman Melville assumed that men and women were creatures with souls and moral principles and aspirations; that "actions" were only manifestations of souls and moral principles and aspirations; and that sex had real meaning only in so far as it revealed or served them. It might be well for our younger writers to consider whether the masters were right after all. Meanwhile they could profitably read Mr. Adams' excellent anthology; there is hardly a problem of fine writing and living it does not touch upon.



The Friendly and the Friendless —

There are persons who cannot make friends. Who are they? Those who cannot be friends. It is not the want of understanding or good nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of: on the contrary, they have probably many points of attraction; but they have one that neutralizes all these — they care nothing about you, and are neither the better nor worse for what you think of them. They manifest no joy at your approach; and when you leave them it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you. This is not sullenness, nor indifference, nor absence of mind; but they are intent solely on their own thoughts, and you are merely one of the subjects they exercise them upon. They live in society as in a solitude; and, however their brain works, their pulse beats neither faster nor slower for the common accidents of life.

— WILLIAM HAZLITT: *Essays*

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 133)

NATIONALITIES AND NATIONAL MINORITIES, by Oscar I. Janowsky, \$2.75. *Macmillan*. One of the toughest problems of postwar reconstruction is the reorganization of east-central Europe in such a way that national minorities will be protected. Dr. Janowsky, who is professor of history in the College of the City of New York, sketches the whole problem, describing the break-down of the League of Nation's program, the structure of federalism in Soviet Russia, and the successful development of federalism in Switzerland. For east-central Europe he favors national federalism which, applied to Yugoslavia for example, would mean that Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia would constitute a federal unit — "each enjoying full equality, especially with respect to language and culture," and each section using its own language in its own local administration. A valuable historical work.

BIOGRAPHY

BUILDING LENIN'S RUSSIA, by Simon Liberman. \$3.00. *University of Chicago Press*. A Russian business man and former Menshevik who was an intimate associate of Lenin and who worked as a non-party lumber specialist through the days of the Bolshevik revolution and the New Economic Policy, tells here the story of his unique experience. Lenin appears in these pages as an adroit political moderator; Trotsky as a brilliant egotist; and Stalin as a shadowy force to be feared. After Lenin's death, Liberman's position soon became untenable and he narrowly escaped execution, even after he had served the Soviet Government in commercial negotiations with success and fidelity. Realizing that he was doomed to die if he kept returning to Russia, he finally resigned his post in Switzerland and never went back. But his heart is still in Russia and the last part of his book, in which he dis-

cusses the homeland that he has not seen in twenty years, is a strange blend of nostalgia and sentimentalism. Although he admits that "the Kremlin's foreign policy follows the paths first blazed by the tsars," he insists that this policy should cause the world no worry. As autobiography, at least, his book is always interesting and at times quite moving.

THE ISLANDERS, by Elizabeth Foster. \$2.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. Sixty odd years ago, the author's grandparents built a great house deep in the Maine woods and set a pattern for living that lasted as long as the old place stood. For six months out of every year this engaging family filled the wilderness with inexhaustible hospitality, gusto, and contentment. Elizabeth Foster tells the story with ease and charm. To the warm and episodic qualities of *Life with Father*, her book adds a contagious zest for the natural loveliness of Maine.

FICT'ION

THE KING'S GENERAL, by Daphne du Maurier. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. This romance of the English civil war in the seventeenth century is dubiously distinguished by one of the most obnoxious heroes in all fiction. The story revolves around an arrogant, ruthless, and headstrong royalist general, his crippled ladylove, viperish sister, and craven son. The first chapter makes it quite clear that things will turn out badly in the end for all concerned, but before finding out how, the reader must plow through interminable pages of unsatisfactory meetings and separations between the odd lovers. Bereft of the cumulative suspense and pervasive atmosphere of *Rebecca*, *The King's General* is almost wholly dull. But in the last eighty pages, Miss du Maurier miraculously recaptures some of her old magic and contrives a flashy series of climactic scenes which

will surely gratify the persevering souls who stay with her that long.

BOY ALMIGHTY, by Feike Feikema. \$2.75. *Webb*. Feike Feikema's first novel, *The Golden Bowl*, won him wide critical acclaim and an Academy of Arts award. The present book is partial fulfilment of the promise shown in his first work. *Boy Almighty* is the story of a man's fight against the tuberculosis bacilli in his body and the bacilli of bitterness and self-doubt in his mind. Gradually, as his body heals, he evolves new and realizable personal values which permit him to hope again. Mr. Feikema has a rich feeling for words, poetic understanding of character, and an abundance of vitality, akin to Thomas Wolfe's, but he still lacks selectivity and restraint.

SEA, SURF AND HELL, edited by Commander Arch A. Mercey and C. Sp. Lee Grove, USCGR, \$3.00. *Prentice-Hall*. This book, which is a Conradish short story collection, dramatically emphasizes the large and versatile role played by the U. S. Coast Guard in the late war. You are taken from Greenland's icebergs to Guadalcanal's reefs with the men whose motto is "Always Ready." If you have ever been to sea, you will like this book. If you have not, here is a well-written introduction to the sailor's life.

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER, by Josephine Pinckney. \$2.50. *Viking*. A small segment of life in Charleston, South Carolina, is sensitively portrayed in this conflict between the Redcliffs — the anemic, declining aristocrats — and the Hessenwinkles — the full-blooded German-Irish tradespeople. How Rena Hessenwinkle wins and loses Tat Redcliff makes up the bulk of the action. The family dinner at which the Redcliffs try to make the best of the mésalliance and Rena discloses the fact that she had had an illegitimate child by her husband's dead brother is the high-point of the book. A readable book that somehow just misses being really good.

E COMPANY, by Frank O'Rourke. \$2.00. *Simon and Schuster*. This is the simply told story of an infantry company from the time of its formation to when it is cut to ribbons in combat. The author's device of spotting, for a page or two

here and there, a few of the privates, non-coms and officers is effective in getting across a feeling of familiarity with the company as a whole, and one winds up with quite a few friends out of the company — and a sense of personal loss that so many of them are dead. This is not a great book, but it is simple and at times quite moving.

SONG OF THE DNEIPER, by Zalman Shneour. \$3.00. *Roy*. The first full translation of this long novel by a talented Jewish writer, *Song of the Dneiper* is the story of strong, idealistic Noah Pandre and his wife Mary, suffering with the other Jews of Shklov under Tsarist oppression and the heel of the law. Noah is too simple and honest to believe that authority is corruptible and often evil — until he is wrongly sent to prison, and then comes home to find a pogrom planned against him and his fellow townsmen. The writing is now robust, now tender; angry, and then loving; always characterized by the simplicity of the people of which it tells. That the author is also a poet is apparent on every page. An honest and powerful novel.

TIME REMEMBERED, by Laurie Rillyer. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Jon and Braddy Greenwood grew to young manhood in a New England home and then went to war, while their father and mother watched and waited. This is the saga of that home and of all American homes which knew the joy, the anguish and the tensions of the war days. Written as a mother's diary, it is a heart-warming and poignant tale which blends gaiety and pathos with the deftness of mature talent.

IF HE HOLLERS LET HIM GO, by Chester B. Himes. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Himes's style, though too faithful to that of James M. Cain, is nonetheless effective in defining sharply the inner turmoil of an intelligent Negro. Bob Jones, shipyard worker, resents fiercely that he cannot stand up as a man, that his capabilities and humanness are socially invalidated by his color. His violent mental conflict drives him to the verge of rape and murder, but circumstance and a little reason in the end forestall irreparable damage to his life. He is left bitter, almost broken, but with a fragment of hope. Powerful reading, though somewhat undisciplined in a literary sense.

THE OPEN FORUM

OUR POLITICAL FAILURE IN GERMANY

Sir: Volumes could be written about what is wrong with our military government in Germany, and William Bayles did a superb job in uncovering many of the causes of its failure in the December *MERCURY*.

The AMG became a catch-all for officers unwanted by other branches of the army. Our infantry unit unloaded two of its over-paid and over-rated lieutenants into the welcome laps of the AMG after we had put up with them all the way from Bastogne to Czechoslovakia at an extravagant cost in casualties.

There was the case of the three AMG officers in Weimar, who had been "shacking-up" with three "sharpies" from Berlin till the Russians moved into their territory; then transported them on to Frankfurt with them after making "arrangements" for apartments in a nearby town. Of course, they had to oust an old German family first, who had lived there all their lives. But that was all right; scruples didn't enter into it.

I had the job of breaking down rations for three S.S. prisoner of war enclosures which held some of the skunks from the Sixth Panzer Division who lined up the American prisoners at Malmedy and mowed them down. Their menu consisted of cheese, fresh vegetables, fresh milk, canned meat, tea, coffee, freshly baked bread, butter, jam, fruits, and even fresh meat once a week. All of this came from a huge warehouse stocked with German foodstuffs and supervised by the AMG, but the civilians never had any of these delicacies for their tables.

Small, trifling things? Perhaps. But these little discrepancies have a cumulative effect in causing unrest and fomenting trouble among the German people. You can see it in their eyes that stare dully at you; a hopeless slack-in-the-pants look that foretells trouble. They lack the opportunity now, but in time . . .

FRED G. DRIGGS

San Pedro, Calif.

SIR: I have read with interest "Our Political Failure in Germany" by William Bayles in the December *AMERICAN MERCURY*.

It seems a pity so many American writers have an unfortunate way of casting a slur on their wartime Allies. Fortunately, at least while in a theater of war, you never hear the same from the GIs.

I spent some four years overseas with our Canadian Army and took part in the whole Northwest European campaign. We Canadians never seemed to realize we were in the bogged-down "British token army." What army was it that smashed the crack German panzers and S.S. in Normandy? Who cleared the channel ports when the other fronts were bogged down? What army never lost a foot of ground in German counterattacks? Which Army cracked the northern end of the Siegfried line and drew the main German strength to that quarter so they could be outflanked in the south? The British Armoured Divisions, when used in a role which called tactically for speed, certainly equalled that of any other, as witnessed by their dash through France and Belgium, and across Germany to the Baltic.

I have never noticed any of the general aping of the Prussian "form" on our part or that of the British. In fact, all during the war and afterwards the Americans were much more strict in the matter of discipline and dress than even the British guard regiments. To us, the Prussian-like manner of always wearing helmets and carrying weapons far from the front, was very comical.

When Mr. Bayles even quotes what a German says on the subject, I'm afraid he shows little knowledge of the characteristic German habit of fawning on the local conqueror.

It is a pity the writer so often fails to realize that war, to be successful, is all teamwork; it is fortunate the soldier knows it. I fail to see the purpose of pulling the structure to pieces after the fighting is over. Yet Mr. Bayles devotes the main portion of his article to the lack of teamwork and cooperation in the postwar administration of Germany. It would be better to try to foster a correct view on the whole subject, than make it more difficult by an article such as this.

J. G. BELLAMY

Saskatoon, Canada.

BILL DOUGLAS: AMERICAN

SIR: It is entirely fitting and proper that one of the most brilliant minds in America, Fred Rodell, should write the first condensed and significant biography of Mr. Justice Douglas, and that it should appear in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, one of the three or four literate American magazines.

However, I would like to add a comment on two points: first, on the personality of Bill Douglas, as seen by one whose view is that of a casual acquaintance; and secondly, on some hitherto little known history connected with the Democratic vice-presidential nomination of 1940, a nomination that, at one point, was closer to Douglas than is generally known.

Personally, Douglas suggests the strength and ruggedness of the giant oaks of his own Wallowa Mountains of Oregon. You can't talk to him five minutes without sensing the man underneath the words. He is *tough*, not in a belligerent, aggressive manner, but in a down-to-earth "Here I stand and here I stay!" sense. Almost instantaneously, one senses the power of the man. And with it all, there is a wholly sincere and unassuming humility. Of course, in this respect, he does not differ from some of his associates on the Court, particularly Black and Bob Jackson. Because, at first glance his opinions appear to lack the eloquence and vivid turn of phrase that characterize Jackson's, the essential soundness of his viewpoint is often overlooked.

That the late President Roosevelt definitely had him in mind for second place on the Democratic ticket in 1940 is shown by certain events that took place during the Chicago convention. David K. Niles, acting for Harry Hopkins and the President, made the first overtures to Philip Murray of the CIO. Originally, Murray was committed to Wheeler. So was Bill Thatcher of the Farmers Union, but with neither was it a definite, irrevocable pledge. Niles came straight from Suite 308-09 at the Blackstone (Hopkins' headquarters) to talk to Phil Murray at the Morrison. To his surprise, he found Lee Pressman, CIO attorney, present.

At once Niles lost no time in advancing the President's choices in the order of preference. First — and this is well to remember historically — was Douglas. "What would you say as to Douglas?" Niles asked Murray. "Fine," replied the CIO chief. "Well, how about Wallace?" continued Niles. "Ditto for Wallace," said Murray, "but you fellows can't put him over!"

"And now, Jimmy Byrnes?" concluded Niles.

A momentary silence. "On that," said Murray finally, "we would like a little more time."

Meanwhile, the anti-Douglas faction, of which George Creel was one, tried to cool the President off on Douglas, largely on the theory he was "unknown." As a matter of fact, the President came late to the selection of Wallace: Murray's rejection of Byrnes, and Cordell Hull's suggestion that Wallace already had the support of Labor and could aid with the Farm Vote (which he didn't) moved the final decision. The history of that nomination, which I once took the trouble to document in fifty-seven pages, is essentially the story of a late decision which, until taken, hovered for weeks between Douglas and Wallace.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

Washington, D. C.

HANDICAPPED PEOPLE

SIR: We wish to commend "Employment for the Handicapped," by Ross L. Holman, appearing in your December issue. The article is timely, and the illustrations given therein, as to employment of physically handicapped people, are well taken. However, we wish to call to your attention, as well as that of Mr. Holman, the fact that certain figures he quoted are in error. For example, he states, "There are 5,000,000 handicapped persons in the United States." . . .

That figure is wholly inadequate. In 1935-36, the National Health Survey, made by the U. S. Public Health Service, showed that there were 23,600,000 physically handicapped people in the United States. Subsequently, the American Medical Association stated there were 55,000,000 citizens who were, in some degree, physically handicapped. Testimony before the House Labor Sub-Committee to Investigate Aid to the Physically Handicapped, which Committee was established by Congress at the request of this Federation, for the purpose of making a survey of the handicapped, has already shown in excess of 30,000,000 handicapped in this country, taking in the various categories of the blind, deaf, hard of hearing, polios, cardiacs, arthritics, tubercular patients, amputees, epileptics, etc. Moreover, the military disabled add materially to that figure. Our own estimate, from all sources checked, leads us to believe that there are today approximately 38,000,000 handicapped in the United States. The problem, then, is greater than Mr. Holman's article would lead one to believe.

PAUL A. STRACHAN
President,

American Federation of the Physically Handicapped, Inc.
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Mr. Strachan's letter indicates that the situation is much more serious than even my figures would imply. Since he is closer to this problem than I am, his own figures are probably more representative of the condition than mine.

I checked several reports on this subject and the estimates on the number of handicapped people in the United States varied considerably. This wide variation, however, is probably a matter of definition; that is, what constitutes a handicap? Many estimates on this subject include such minor defects as a scar on the face, a missing finger, deformed toe, flat feet, impediment of speech, overweight, astigmatism of the eye, false teeth and the like. One report I read included aged people among the physically handicapped.

Most, if not all of these defects unjustly bar applicants from some kinds of employment. But I did not weigh them seriously in my article because they are not as serious as the handicaps I had in mind.

Mr. Strachan's figure of 38,000,000 includes approximately one person in every three and one half people of our population. The 55,000,000 estimate of the American Medical Association would give one person out of every two and one-half people a physical deformity of some kind. These larger figures evidently include many of the minor defects mentioned.

ROSS L. HOLMAN

Nashville, Tenn.

PROSPEROUS SWITZERLAND

SIR: In the November issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY you have an article by Edwin Muller entitled, "Switzerland: Prosperity and Freedom." I would like to challenge the purpose of the article and some of the facts contained therein.

The American Watch Workers Union, which I have the honor to represent as National President, is composed of the employees of the American Jewelled Watch Industry, which includes the Elgin National Watch Company of Elgin, Illinois, the Hamilton Watch Company of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and the Waltham Watch Company of Waltham, Massachusetts.

During the entire war and until V-J Day, these three companies worked exclusively upon timing devices essential for war. While so doing, the American domestic market was provided with Swiss watches for civilian use, and none were imported for military use. These watches were allowed to come through Nazi lines by the Germans, and none could be exported out of Switzerland during the war unless approved by the Nazi

war lords. The port of embarkation for this material was Genoa, Italy.

The American Jewelled Watch Industry, during the reconversion period, is faced with the problem of having no back-log of orders to work with, plus having the market flooded with products from Switzerland.

The American Watch Workers Union has been waging a campaign on the State Department, within the framework of the Reciprocal Trade Act, to obtain relief. We have said to the State Department: "You may give Switzerland the entire world market, because we cannot compete outside of the United States due to labor costs. In the United States domestic market, however, a quota should be set, based upon actual domestic consumption for the fifteen years prior to 1941. That quota should be established to allow the domestic industry to have 60 per cent of the domestic market, which would leave the rest of the world and 40 per cent of the United States market for Switzerland.

However, the Swiss importers, who have multiplied from approximately fifty in 1940 to over five hundred in 1945, and the representatives of the Swiss Government in the United States, have announced in the newspapers the establishment of a public relations group to popularize Switzerland in the United States. I can see they have been very effective, after reading the article by Mr. Edwin Muller in your publication.

There is a statement in this article, and I quote, "On the other hand the average worker makes good money; an expert watch maker may earn \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day." I have \$500.00 ready to forfeit to Mr. Muller when he can prove that any expert watch maker in Switzerland, working on the production of jewelled watches, has earned consistently \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day during any period in the past fifteen years. I believe this to be a false statement and that it tends to bring about repudiation of the facts which I have presented to the Ways and Means Committee, to the Senate Finance Committee, and to the State Department.

In April of 1943, in my appearance before the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, and in a statement before the Senate Finance Committee, I charged that the Swiss industry was Nazi-dominated, and that the banking system of Switzerland was controlled by German money. On November fifteenth, Senator Kilgore, Chairman of the Sub-Committee of the Senate Military Affairs Committee, produced evidence to show that this was true. We are not interested in establishing high tariffs for our industry. We are

only interested in establishing a quota that would give us the opportunity to build the American Jewelled Watch Industry.

It is important to the future national defense of the United States that the American Jewelled Watch Industry remain alive. There are only two sources of timing mechanisms in the world — the United States and Switzerland. If the United States industry is allowed to die, we will find ourselves in the position of having to be dependent upon Switzerland for timing devices. The country who controls Switzerland will control the world, atomic bombs notwithstanding, for one needs timing in order to correctly place any bomb, atomic or otherwise.

I will appreciate any consideration you give to my request that you seek to obtain from Mr. Muller information to substantiate his statements.

WALTER W. CENERAZZO
National President,
American Watch Workers Union

Boston, Mass.

SIR: Mr. Cenerazzo takes specific exception to one sentence in my article, that in which I say, "... an expert watchmaker may earn \$10 to \$20 a day."

The latest official statistics, those furnished by the Swiss Federal Office for Industry, Trade and Labor, state that the *average* wage of skilled labor in the watch industry is 2.49 Swiss francs per hour. Computing on the basis of a five and one half day week this gives an average wage of a little over \$5.00 per day. Certain jobs which require a very high degree of skill pay considerably more than the average. Such highly skilled workers, especially if they work overtime, may for a period earn more than \$10.00 per day. The above applies to factory workers on an hourly wage. There are also workers on a piece work basis, those who work at home. Some of these, who have developed speed above the average and are willing to work longer hours than the factory workers, may in exceptional cases earn \$20.00 for a day's work.

To take up Mr. Cenerazzo's plea that the American watch industry should be protected against Swiss imports: it seems to me that such protection would be justified only if the Swiss workers were "sweated labor," working for low wages and with a low standard of living. That is not true of Swiss labor, either in the watch industry or in other industries. Their wages in cash certainly average less than the American scale. But their "real wages," in relation to the cost of living, are probably as high as ours. Measured in

food, housing, clothing and other necessities and luxuries of life, the Swiss workman probably gets as much as the American for his day's work. Statistics are not available to prove that as of today. According to students of the Swiss economy, it was true of the period before the war. From my own observation I should guess that it is true today.

Finally, to answer Mr. Cenerazzo's charge that my article was propaganda, inspired by the Swiss: my article was entirely my own idea, written on my own initiative. It was based chiefly on a survey which I made in Switzerland last spring. My only contact with any Swiss agencies, official or unofficial, was to obtain the official statistics. I never heard of the Swiss propaganda agency to which Mr. Cenerazzo alludes nor of the campaign for protection in which Mr. Cenerazzo and his union are engaged.

EDWIN MULLER

Kent, Conn.

AMERICA NEEDS ENGLAND

SIR: In asserting that "America Needs a Strong England" in THE AMERICAN MERCURY's November issue, Norman Angell overlooks the fact that it be a biological impossibility to make a vigorous young man out of a decrepit old one. England's plight is primarily biological, not economic; her blood stream has gone to pot. Long ago England lost her most aggressive and imaginative stock by emigration and battle, leaving a biologically inferior population, consisting largely of stolid and unprogressive folk.

W. Q. LOYD

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: In the November MERCURY, "America Needs a Strong England," by Norman Angell, is pure unadulterated East India Company propaganda. He boasts that we have been pulled into two wars in the last quarter of a century to save England's scalp. He left out the facts that got us into these wars. Woodrow Wilson boasted of his English cousins. Franklin Delano Roosevelt's grandfather Warren Delano was mixed up with the East India Company group who peddled tea and opium. Warren Delano had made a fortune through these connections and retired. In 1857, he speculated on the New York Exchange and lost his money; he took ship for Hong Kong, the opium capital of the world and in five years was again a wealthy man.

Without the English backing of the rebels, the Civil War in the United States would not have lasted one year. Most of the muskets and other

accoutrements of war, including the battleship *Alabama*, came from Britain. England's idea was to divide us in two so the British Lion could gobble us up. Most of the British support comes from below the Mason and Dixon Line.

A Gallup poll taken in Great Britain in 1943 on what nations were contributing the most to the winning the war shows the following: Russia, 50 per cent; Britain, 42 per cent; China, 5 per cent, and the *United States 3 per cent!*

REX BISON

Richmond, Calif.

ORDEAL OF JUGOSLAVIA

SIR: Sam Pope Brewer's article, "The Ordeal of Yugoslavia," in the November, *AMERICAN MERCURY*, should be another eye-opener to those abject appeasers among the liberals who would whitewash leftist tactics in the easterly portions of so-called liberated Europe.

Where was it that we heard the cry of "Communist" raised loud and long? It was a fashionable cry in fairly recent days. Now the whirling dervishes among the intellectuals have come to rest and the cry rings out: "Fascist." The Romans had a god they called Janus, a two-faced character. They set it up at their doors. Going into the house, the character looked quite different than when one left. Parallel: enter the war crying "Communist"; exit crying "Fascist." Where does that leave those among us who still confess to a liking for "Democracy"?

What the people of these United States of America need is a few of the facts in the case. Name-calling roils the waters and obscures the issue. Mr. Brewer and *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* are to be commended for bringing some of the facts to light.

LV. L. MILLER

Salem, Oregon

MEDICAL COLLEGES

SIR: I wish to take this opportunity of commending you for two excellent articles which have appeared in the *MERCURY*: one, Philip Wylie's on the subject of anti-Semitism earlier this year, and Dr. Frank Kingdon's "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," in the October issue. It is time that people in high places came out courageously in protest against such injustices.

As an Associate Professor of Surgery in the Chicago Medical School, I am happy to say that our school is one of the few, if not the only medical school which admits students on the basis

of scholastic merit, without regard to race, color, sex or national origin, with democratic equality of opportunity for all.

S. M. WOLFFSON, M.D.

Oak Park, Ill.

SIR: Since I have been a physician for over thirty years in both this country and Canada, I feel qualified to make a few statements of my own in response to Dr. Frank Kingdon's article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges."

Dr. Kingdon infers that discrimination exists when certain groups of academically qualified students appear at the medical college doors in excess of their population ratio and are not accepted in the same proportion as those of other groups.

Granted this is a democracy in which the will of the majority should rule, nevertheless there are some aspects of our general welfare that cannot be profitably left to the will of the general vote. Who would advocate that the number and type of personnel of the clergy be determined at a general election? Not only must the prospective physician appeal to the general population — who may often as not be influenced by charlatans as well — but also to the judgment of ethical men in medical societies who desire the highest standards of medical practice attainable for our people. I am also well acquainted with the difficulties that beset the paths of prospective CPAs, architects, and tradesmen in certain unions, all of which are intended, not to cheat the American people of necessary services, but to maintain high standards and a reasonable standard of living for all of the members.

Let us suppose, in conclusion, that you are on one of the most popular streamliners traveling to a distant city and you are ready to retire. How well would you sleep if you discovered that the engineer had been selected by popular vote or theoretical knowledge alone, instead of the infinite screening process by the responsible leaders of the railroads themselves?

T. H. JOHNSTON, M.D.

Glynn County Board of Health

Brunswick, Ga.

Correction: In the article on "Joe Howard: The Ageless Minstrel" in the October issue it was erroneously stated that Mr. Howard got permission to take pictures of McKinley's funeral through Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York. Mr. Roosevelt at the time was, of course, President of the United States.

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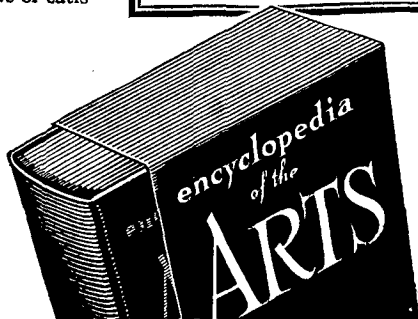
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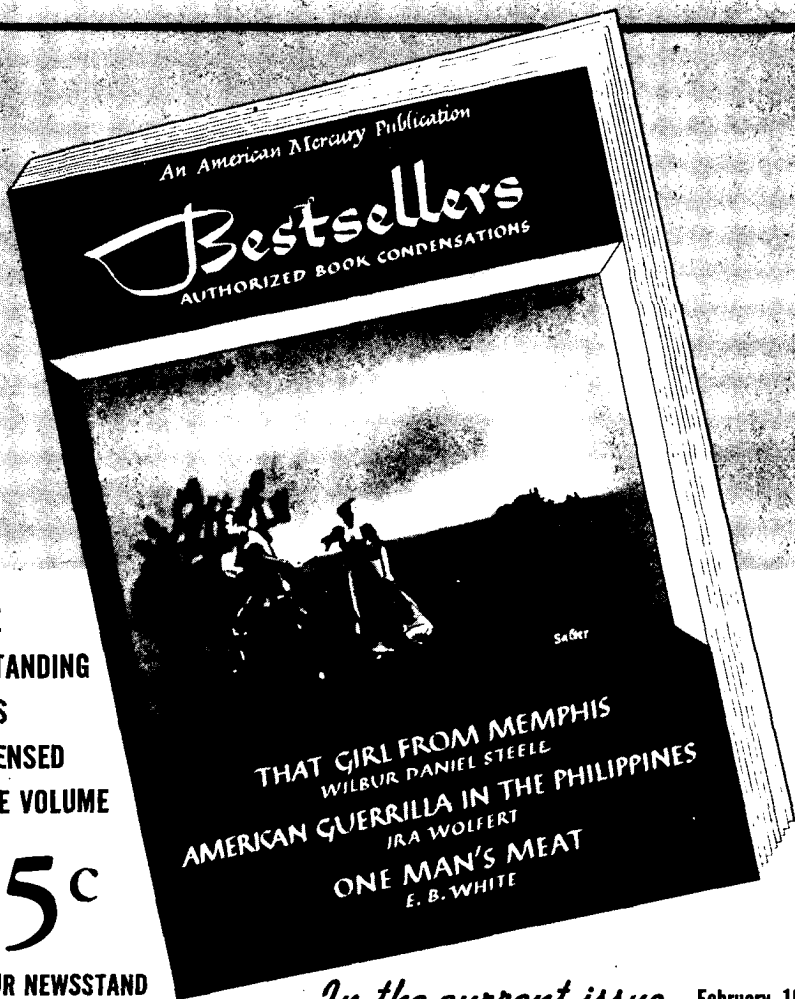
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In the current issue — February, 1946

THAT GIRL FROM MEMPHIS, Wilbur Daniel Steele

"Not only a national bestseller, but a robust portrait of American civilization in the making. An extraordinarily readable book." Orville Prescott, *New York Times*.

AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES, Ira Wolfert

"A tale of absorbing suspense, full of strange information, sometimes grim, frequently dryly humorous. One of the best personal adventure stories the war has produced." Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.

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